

# Hudibras.

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THE  
SECOND PART;  
With the Continuation of the  
*THIRD CANTO;*  
To which is added  
A Fourth Canto.

---

By the same AUTHOR.

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Published to Undeceive the Nation.

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LONDON,  
Printed in the Year, 1663.

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Hudibras.

THE

SECOND PART.

BY JOHN BUTLER, ESQ.

Vol.

A Fourth Edition.

Printed by J. B. Smith, in the Strand.

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## *The first Canto.*

### *Argument.*

*We sing no further oth' disputes  
'Twixt Knight and Squire, nor their confutes;  
Nor how by Puissant trick, or Chance,  
From Chanted Castle they advance :  
Since skill'd Magicians know as well  
How to undo, ~~as~~ make the Spel,  
Nor yet of Talgol, Bruin, Orson,  
Whom Writers say was but a Whorson :  
But Hudibras more strange Adventures,  
That hitherto have hung on Tenters.*

### *The May-Pole.*

**I**T happened at the time when *Oysters*  
Gan lose their *Operative* moistures,  
When *Sol* with heat did fill his *Car*,  
And that the *Month* did want an *R*,

*The second Part*

Which was before, or *June*, or *July*;  
 When Countrey Plackquets grow unruly:  
 For, as the *Wise* say, in *August*  
 If *One* won't do't, another must.  
 When *Cherries* hardly ripen'd, Nod,  
 And *Children* for 'm venture Rod;  
 When Mother *Nature* doth disperse  
 Her help to *Man*, ( that *Universe* )  
 When fresh blood empty veins supply,  
 Which suffer'd by Phlebotomy;  
 That he who can the *Hill* get o're,  
 In hope to live is scarce before;  
 When *Midwife Flora's* newly seen  
 In Meadows gay, and Gardens green,  
 The *Pink*, the *Primrose*, *Tulip-flowre*,  
 (Off-springs of a quondam showre)  
 VVith *Lilly*, *Violet* and *Dazy*,  
 The *Merry-milk* pales deck, which praise I:  
 VVhen *Barnes* are freed from *Mice* and *Rats*,  
 By *Madam Owle*, better then *Cats*:  
 VVhen with a *Garland* to be crown'd,  
 The *sweaty* hoofs do tear the ground:

And



And *Fideler*o and *Pipero*

In every Village peep, and peer ho!

When *Mortals* feed on *Sage* and *Butter*,

Drink *Whey* by *quarts* to make 'em squitt---

And for the Ladies of the season,

Prepared are *green Cheef* and *Peason*,

With *Macquerels* brought up in *Shoals*,

*Colon* to fill of hungry souls:

And *Silla-bub*, with *lip-lov'd Tanzy*

For *Roger* is prepar'd by *Nancy*:

When as in *Landskips* we discover

In every shade, a lolling Lover,

With head on lap of female wight,

Hand underneath her garment white;

And she turns up her womanhood,

Whilst *Pego* forrages for food;

And Surgeons put up in sheath

Cleans'd syringes for fall of leaf:

At the same time I must not vary,

*Jack* met with *Gill*, and *Mat* with *Mary*:

Which was soon after (as tis said)

*Mars* had laid by his Tool and Trade,

And all was ready to bring in  
 The *Maid* with dimpled cheeks and chin:  
 When that the people might be free  
 To enjoy their (juggl'd) liberty:  
 As then the Bells at *Westminster*  
 Did clapper-claw the Countreys ear:  
 And ev'ry creeping thing on earth  
 From *Cricket* did encline to mirth:  
 Nay, th' grand *Hectorian-Oliuero*  
 Left *Ranting*, and fell to *Primero*;  
 A *Game* he had long study'd, but  
 As some do say, was hard put to't;  
 For others knew't as well as he,  
 And stickl'd for the *Mastery*:  
 All *Hectors* of his only breeding,  
 For they could pray and lye exceeding:  
 And such as now remain, do claim  
 From those the vigour of that Name:  
 And follow all their ways of *Plunder*,  
 Only to hear, they pray, is wonder;  
 But for their lying art expert;  
 And swearing they have got by heart:

End.

There

Cant. I. of Hudibras.

There let it lie like fatal dagger  
 In peaceful sheath, until they swagger.  
 And now to what we were about,  
 Which all this while we have left out.  
 A jolly crew of *Lads* well fitted;  
 And *Buxome* Lasses, *Mother* witty'd,  
 Met on a day, no matter what,  
 In the same *month* it was that's flat:  
 And that it might not loose its *Name*,  
 They all prepared were for *Game*:  
 Which though the *learned* could not scan  
 To be th' *Isthmean*, or *Nemean*,  
 Yet it a *title* had, and good,  
 For, *Hocktide*, may be understood:  
 And doth as clear construction carry,  
 As *Bess* take *Tom*, and *Joan* take *Harry*;  
 Or *Tom* take *Bess*, and *Harry* *Jone*,  
 Leap over *Sword*, and it is done:  
 So the *inducted* Market-place  
 Clapt up at once two babes of *Grace*  
 Which never *issue* had, but what  
 The *Peaceful*---*Justice*---*Parson* got,

For

For they all *Functions* did supply,  
 And into every hole could pry,  
 Had an *Instinctive* art to *Strole*  
 If that the *she-beast* were with sole,  
 Were the *States* Midwives, and could strain,  
 More then could Doctor *Chamberlain*;  
 Though he could Dip, and Pray, and Preach,  
 And fiery-pated Squib did teach,  
 Until he grew as quaint as he  
 In their *Occult* Idolatry:  
 And't may be now and then could bite  
 The buttock of a *Proselite*.  
 But what was this? a *Game* at *Whist*  
 Unto our *Plowden* *Canonist*,  
 Bewitcht into a power, by some  
 That ne'e lov'd *Kent* nor *Christendome*;  
 And hating all things *Orthodox*,  
 Did send Religion to the Stocks,  
 In *Church* refus'd to take the pains,  
 But in the streets would ask the banes,  
 And Ceremonies, long allow'd,  
 Laid by when they grew *Pint*.-proud :

That

That Master Justice was declar'd  
The *Vicar* to *Dog* and *Bitch-yard*,  
Which brought in tythes as fast as hops,  
*Cerberus* must be fed with *Sops* :  
And as the *ancients* have defin'd,  
So these were duly paid in kind.  
VVithout a Suit in the Exchequer,  
Complaining they to *Noll* were Debtor :  
They took a surer course and way,  
*Peter* knew how to make 'em pay;  
And thus these holy men of Orders  
Did serk the fry of *Sodom borders* ;  
Though *Tom* want tool, and *Nell* a nose,  
Yet reconcil'd are in the close:  
There let 'em stink, to sweeten (then)  
My *lines*, pray whistle to my Pen :  
To mind me of the former matter,  
Though not incongruent to the latter.  
Then first to shew you what they were  
That met, observe each character :  
For, it is requisite we strow  
The way with flowers as they go :

*Bushero*

*Bushero* height the *Twisters* led,  
 To whom he was both *Cap* and *Head*;  
 For *Neatness* he was held the best,  
 Good reason, he could trim the rest.  
 And in his *Calling* was so rare,  
 He fitted 'em unto a hair;  
 And e're they for their *Progress* met  
 Had given his shirt the *Somerſet* :  
 (A tumbling word, and used much  
 By men, professors to be such : )  
 In all things he was *Cap a pe*,  
 Only his hose was out at knee,  
 And doublet-elbow wanted clout,  
 But there you know love will break out;  
 And therefore time is vainly spent  
 To patch up what muſt needs be rent.  
 If any ding'd him on the lip,  
 VVith that quoth he, you may go ſnip:  
 Of perſon he was ſomething ſquat,  
 With Ribbons Hat-ban-neding-Hat:  
 He had ſome judgement in the *Gyttern*,  
 And *Maſter* was of *Kitt* and *Cyttern*;

Which

Which *Cythera* sung to first,  
When she her God-babe *Cupid* nurs't.  
To follow him did *Shanco* roame  
From *Ladies* service newly come:  
As finical for life as he,  
If that comparisons may be!  
Was drest with Muff and Pantaloon,  
And in pocketto silver spoon,  
Which slept secure till Cream and Cake  
Did waken it, for Masters sake:  
He was of person pleasing call,  
As streight as wand, but slim withall;  
He walk'd as though he trod on Eggs,  
And Cat-sticks were supposed his Legs:  
His body burthen'd was with points,  
Which ty'd together all his Joints.  
His eyes and legs kept time together,  
They danc'd, & mov'd you'd wonder whither  
Such as ne're understood the firk  
Took him for piece of Dutch Clockwork;  
He was the least beholding to  
The flesh, of any man you know;

Though

Though he to it was mainly given,  
 With him it ne're made reck'ning even;  
 Perhaps it may by some be thought  
 He had as good return'd as brought:  
 But in *that* Sense there's Nicety,  
 Which in *this* must avoided be:  
 Only it is confest he was  
 His Ladies *Limbeck*; his own *afs*,  
 In breech of him *Butlero* came,  
 With *Coquo*, eager for the Game:  
*Butlero* did in Napkin neat  
 Bring salt, and bread, and *Coquo* meat:  
 The one Comptroller was oth' bin,  
 The other of the good Kitching:  
 The only over-ruling Pair  
 That had to do below the stair:  
 The one the merry bottles brought,  
 T'other with Limbs of Capons fraught;  
 Which newly had (without denial)  
 On Gridiron past the fiery trial;  
 The parties equal parted were;  
 Each did of others office share:

So



o Lawyers ne're fall out for fee  
Among themselves, *ka me, ka thee*;  
*Butlero* may be thought of Kin  
To him that plaid oth' Violin,  
And famous was for Clownery,  
Which City-wits call Drollery:  
He could *Arthur* of *Bradley* do,  
The Countrey-man, and Courtier too,  
And had an insight in the City,  
Inspir'd by those that then were witty:  
From whom the thrifty Poet steals,  
To furnish *Beardw* -- for his Meals.  
Ours plaid to what he could not sing,  
An Instrument without a string:  
But let me not his judgement wrong,  
The tool did carry with't a tongue:  
And by the Hebrews was allow'd,  
As well as *Cymbal* or the *Crowd*:  
And by *Amphion* plaid upon,  
If ever he did play on one:  
Now our *Butlero* in good sooth  
Could play on two from hand to mouth.

Coquo

Coquo the tongs could finger well,  
 And had a Key for what I tell,  
 The invention was no easie task,  
 It took its birth from the *Crane Mask*:  
 The teacher had the happy fate  
 To live in street call'd *Bishopsgate*,  
 And pity 'twas (he did so thrive)  
 He had not left his like alive.  
 Thus they, to please their Lasses, do  
 Bring hither Meat, and Musick too:  
 These were the Heads, and now advances:  
 The Gathers, or th' Appurtenances,  
 The first with hand or tongue could sway  
 The pamper'd Jades of *Asia*:  
 I mean not *Tamburlaine* the Great;  
 Nor he that fell out of his seat:  
 But Masters *His*, of better blood,  
 That fed not upon others food,  
*Sartors* brisk as body-louse  
 Forsook his Stall, annex to house:  
 And though he was not worth a *Dodkin*,  
 Wenches call'd him their standing *Bodkin*.

*Trin;*

*Trituratore* good at Flayl,  
As *Orsin* erst at Staff and Tayl;  
His skill in that did keep him safe;  
He could distinguish Corn from Chaff.

Then *Molindario* furl'd up sayl,  
The scornful Wind had turned tayl;  
H'was held a Man of Judgment strong,  
Or else his Neighbours did him wrong:  
He could into a Mill-stone see,  
As far ('tis said) as any *Hee*.  
*Lanio*, and *Tergo* neer ally'd,  
As *Calf* to *Cow*, or *Skin* to *Hide*;  
Were next enranck'd; *Pistoro* stout  
As ever Crab-tree, threw about  
Not far behind; his legs were small,  
But sure as bandy at the ball:  
The ancient Poet *Heywood* draws  
From ancestors of these his Laws,  
Of *Dramma*, to fill up each Sceane  
With Souldiers good, to please *Plebe'ne*,  
And in those famous stories told  
The *Grecians Wars*, and *Beanchamps* bold.

B

At

At distance some, *Thatchero* came,  
 Approved Martial to the Game,  
 In one hand *Dudgeon-knife* he bore,  
 The other *Gantlet-Mittin* wore,  
 The *Hyroglyphick* of bad musick,  
 Did follow him, which made me *spue-sick*:  
 Yet the belov'd malicious noyse  
 Attracted had whole scores of Boys  
 Armed with clubs, and hideous sounds,  
 As when they go to view the bounds  
 Of Parish theirs: Or as I've known  
 The Pan-cake Prentices come down  
 On Fritter-day, *Vice* to abolish,  
 And *Reverend-Matron-Band* demolish,  
 Then with Majestick pace came on  
*Cartero*, like *Diega-Don*,  
 Whistling forth Rhetorick to the Beast, his,  
 Which drew, of this discourse, the *Thesis*,  
 In Wagon, *Anglice*, Dung-cart,  
 Lay Pole so good, cut out by Art,  
 And ornamented with no less  
 Then Ribbons given by *Doll*, and *Beß*,

And

And others of the Fairy-crew,  
Of colours red, white, black and blew;  
Yellow, cinnamon and green,  
Here, and there, Nose-gay between;  
Likewise many a Wedding-Garter,  
Tickling Lasses into laughter,  
For the thing above the knee  
Seldome's seen, though felt it be:  
But no more of this, 'tis fit  
That hereafter come not yet.  
On either side this early Triumph  
Attended Tony, Row- and Ry-llumph,  
*Somgelder, Ratcatcher,*  
*Cum multis aliis, sansse fear ho!*  
Th' Lasses like *Diana's* troopers,  
Come in th' Reer like Main and Cruppers.  
*Meg, and Kate, and Doll, and Joan,*  
Buxome Lasses every one;  
With *Pegs, and Lett, and Luce, and Betty.*  
For her face and foot call'd pretty;  
*Moll, and Sall, and Nan, and Frank,*  
Wenches free, and fat ich' flank:

On *Agnes* Eve they'd strictly fast,  
And dream of those had kist 'em last :  
Or on Sir *Quintius* watch all night,  
With smock hung up, for Lovers fight :  
Some of the Lawndry were (no flashing)  
That would not give their heads for washing :  
Others oth' Chamber, and the Dairy,  
All kept their *arms* free from the *Fairy* :  
Thus they pass through Market-place,  
And to town-green hye apace,  
Highly fum'd for *Hockside* Games,  
*Tclip'd* *Kingston* super *Thames*,  
Where Sir *Hudibras*, invited  
To dinner was, but newly lighted :  
Quoth he to self, J had before  
A stomach good, this stirs it more :  
Had J best charge 'em before dinner ?  
No, quoth he, as J'm a sinner :  
Let 'em wait till J do come ;  
Charity begins at home :  
Serve self first, the Common-weal  
May stay till J have made my Meal.

And

And so he enters house, while Rout,  
To set up May-pole went about,  
The Lasses too, put helping hand  
To make the merry business stand:  
There let 'em rest a while, and now  
To *Hudibras* the great kill-Cow,  
Who having on the creature fed,  
And drank far more then he had bled;  
He in a fury flung from table,  
And bid his man fetch Steed from stable:  
Some business of the State, quoth he,  
Doth retrograde to Manners me:  
However Friend, and Cosen *Narfey*,  
For entertainment, God-a-mercy.  
But e're J go, a word or two  
With you bro. Knight, and eke with you;  
For pair of Sirs, there were in fight,  
That had but little maw to fight,  
Of stomachs good, and had been able  
To serve King *Arthur* at his table,  
One did command the *Cheshire* forces,  
And had a face as Round as horses;

His teeth were grown to the same length,  
 And wanted nothing but in strength  
 To pass for one, Beasts know not theirs,  
 And he was robb'd of his by fears,  
 His Name did Rumble like to Thun-  
 Der-*Guilermo* Knight Sir B---ton.  
 The other was of last Edition,  
 A Justice too upon *Petition* :  
 He pretty well could understand  
 The Penal Laws at second hand ;  
 For he a Clerk had that might pass  
 For an *Intelligible* Ass.  
 After Sir *Hnd.* discovered had  
 By Whispers consequences bad.  
 So brother Knights, they streight Array  
 Themselves, and Horses, and away :  
 Each trusty Twible ties to side,  
*Fury* Conductor was and Guide.  
 They course on with might and main,  
 'Till they came in sight of Train ;  
 Who had newly fixt their Pole,  
 Which vext 'em to their very soul,

Round



Round about it some were frisking,  
Others on the Grass as brisking ;  
Most in Mirth set hand to labour,  
Tongs, and Gridiron, Trump and Tabor.  
Cytern, with a Voyce as lowd,  
Rhimes too were but lately stewd  
In Brain-pan, and set to Tune  
The Cuckow rants in *May* and *June*.  
For lovers sake ; while thus they sport,  
Sir *Hudibras* does call a Court.  
Consisting of three Knights, three Squires,  
That long before had left their Sires,  
To seek Adventures, and attended  
the Sequel now, which is not ended.  
Qnoth *Hudibras*, what's best to do ?  
six heads is better far than two.  
The *Romans* did more glory gain,  
By living Citizens, than slain ;  
And brave *Cyneus* with a word  
Did Conquer more than *Perhus* Sword,  
Shall we with smooth Careffes go  
And soften flinty hearted foe ?

Or if then bow, had rather break,  
Defie 'em, and not poorly sneak?  
But try what fortune will allow  
To edge of Sword and potent blow,  
For Points in fights Knight-errantry  
Were still rebated that you'll see  
In Writs of yore; let rumours cease  
Dissention breeds, I'm of the Peace.  
Quoth Justice then, and of the Town  
Else I'd not value a crackt Crown:  
More than pins head, I think it meet  
With wisdoms lore the crew to greet,  
The safer weapon of the two  
And will not make so much ado;  
Then quoth Sir *Hudibras* Ile spare  
Your brains the labour to ensnare  
Their wits and wills: quoth then Sir *Gnill*...  
Were my Troop here I'd not stand still,  
Courage quoth *Hudibras*, and now  
Wit shew thy self, or weapon, thou;  
Then *Cicero* my tongue adapt  
Or strengthen arm thou mighty Capt-

So

So on they jog, and with an eie  
Well read in modern Policy,  
The numerous crew they do behold  
With patience strong, and courage bold.  
And soon *Sir Hud*, doth them Accost  
But all in vain, his labours lost,  
He moves to them with sober speech,  
And strokes his beard while they turn breech ;  
Quoth he, you Males, for to the Shees.  
I'll offer nothing shall displease,  
How durst you set up (*Sans advice*)  
A *May-pole* of ungodly fize:  
For height it may amaze the people,  
And streighter is than *Grantham Steeple* ;  
Which States-men do conclude upon  
Might ferk the whore of *Babylon* ;  
Have you to scorn a scurvy Cliff  
Brought Gyants Tools from *Teneriff*,  
*Offa* or *Pelson* ? No, quoth *Sergo* ,  
'Tis for the Sisters, *Ruth* and *Pergo* ,  
And such as follow Conventicle,  
No brother has a Tool so mickle.

*Monstræ*

*Monstra horrendum*, quoth Sir Hud-

What are you men of flesh, or Wood?

Will you in spight of Ordinance,

A Whorish Stallion thus advance?

Where are your senses? pray look to't,

Have we not struck at Branch and Root?

And ta'ne the Smock from off the Whore,

Yet will you aggravate us more?

Quoth *Lanio*, Hence thou Weasel, Rat,

That scarce durst look in face a Cat,

Who sent for thee? What mak'st thou here?

And these thy Chitterlings so near?

Whence com'st thou? from what nasty sinck

Didst thou creep forth to prate and stink?

Depart in peace, or by this Truncheon,

Thy beastly back I'll raise a bunch on,

Bigger than thou bear'st, ne'r grudge it,

'T shall taken be for Tinkers Budger.

Can Nature Monsters such afford,

That wil not hear from man a word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, more deaf than adder

To common sence, to make me madder?

And

And in the face of Justice too!  
Sword keep to me, as I'll to you,  
Quoth then Sir *Jus.* my brothers both,  
To aggravate thy case I'm loth,  
Because these all my neighbours are,  
And you my worthy Friends, and dear,  
An even hand I mean to carry,  
In weighty matters must be wary.  
He spit, and then he spake, quoth he,  
My Friends, as many as there be,  
I hope it is no bad advice,  
To bid all be merry and wise;  
I need no farther learning borrow,  
Then sawcy Mirth wil bring, or Sorrow;  
And though for number we seem fools,  
'Tis dangerous meddling with edge-tools:  
And here are mighty men and strong,  
Whose arts are in the army sung,  
Root up your Pole, remove it hence,  
And let your own homes be your fence.  
For J'm impowred by commission,  
To force you from this leud condition

Quoth

Quoth *Sbanco* (quaintly) *Mr. Justice*,  
 Upon our Strength, not you, our Trust is,  
 With Wit, or Weapon, choose you vvwhether,  
 Or one, or both, or altogether;  
 We are resolv'd, and so have at ye,  
 If vvords vvon't do't, by *Five* vvee'l pat ye.  
*I* am the *Lasses* Champion, then,  
 Be safe, and get you back agen.  
 Well said *Core Schanco*, quoth *Tonsore*,  
*I*'le second thee upon that score.  
 Avwake, quoth *Hudibras*, thou Fox:  
 Hold, quoth *Sir Gwill*, *I* hate these Knocks:  
 The People will be mollif'd  
 If that the Lord be on our side.  
 Scarce had he spoke, er'e Stratagem  
 (*By Sbanco* laid) surrounded them:  
 But by stout *Molindaris* led,  
 Whose very looks did speak 'em dead.  
 What mean you then, quoth *Hudibras*?  
 Fie on't, this 'tis to be an Ass,  
 And leave my Instruments of danger  
 At six and sevens, Rack and Manger:

But

but *Tom*, (speaking to doughty Squire)

This is thy fault or I'm a lyer.

Now Valour must be brought on knees

To Raseal Rout, and their *Pedees*.

Down vwith that Maggot quoth the Boyes :

Children to School, and leave your noyse.

Quoth *Justice* good, how comes it thus

You hem us in, may'nt we untruss?

My little Body can't contain,

Quoth *Hudibras*, my spirit main,

Ile run the hazard: knock him down ;

Cries one, as soon as said 'tis done.

Sir *Gwill*. did shew his teeth, but durst

Not bite, though he had Mastiffs nurst.

The ground was burthen'd vwith the Groans

Of Knights and Squires, these picious ones ;

And how to rid 'm thence vvas thought,

Coltstafes vwith quick dispatch vvere brought

On vvhich they hoysted vvere, and so

Convey'd to Town, vwho durst say no?

Where they vvere met vwith mocks & laughter,

Their Horses, as rank *Beasts*, sent after.

The

*The second Canto.*

## Argument.

*The Knights retir'd, their Case condole,  
 Big with Revenge, as Mare with Fole,  
 Consult the means, but can't agree,  
 Part, and put up th' indignity.  
 Knights two, to wit, Sir Hudibras,  
 And Guill. leave Town, and further pass.  
 Their Squires attend; Encounters meet  
 In Journeys Road, Yclipped Street.  
 Where on the next day kept was Fair,  
 Then doth ensue what happen'd there.*

**S***Ir Hudibras ( though Fortune had  
 With wry-mouth flouted him) grew mad,  
 And nothing else would serve his turn,  
 To quench the rage in him that burn,*

*But*



But a full Goblet of French Wine  
Was dulcifi'd with Sugar fine :  
Which having guzzell'd down Gullet,  
He thought on speech, and then he spet  
The clear preserver of his Wit,  
For that, being Salt, did season it.  
Quoth he, J was a-thirst indeed,  
Now brothers pray do you proceed :  
J'm sure you shar'd in blows and beating,  
A Julip's good after a heating.  
He wipes, and then he hulminates,  
Words that through ear late penetrates :  
Shall we, quoth he, sit down with losse,  
And faintly go by weeping Crosse ?  
Shall we with patience take their frumps,  
And heads revengeless go for bumps ?  
Given by the hand of wreaking Foe,  
What e're you think, J think not so.  
Shall triumph revel in their smiles,  
Our courage pinion'd all the whiles ?  
Shall we besotted be with beating,  
And bury Honor by retreating ?

Honour

Honor that's not so cheaply bought  
As Eggs that to your Markets brought.  
But is the purchase of the daring,  
That will not of their blood be sparing.  
Rally for shape then, let 'em know,  
We scorn to flinch for knock or two.  
And now (good Omen) I have got  
My Pistols that J then had not,  
Which careless Squire did leave behind,  
J would he had been beaten blind.  
Quoth *Justice*, you want charity,  
Bro. Knight, Sir *Hud.* assuredly,  
For true it is, (or else blame me)  
When men are blind, they cannot see.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, is there no way  
To put a period to this day  
By conquest ours? where art thou Pate?  
Or thus---or thus--no, now J ha't:  
To th<sup>e</sup> Parliament with speed J'll send,  
Where J have got a special Friend.  
Hold, quoth Sir *Gull.* bro, *Hudibras*,  
J have it here, and it shall pass:

Bring

Bring Ink and Paper, I'll dispatch  
 Letters to *Nantwich*, where my Match-  
 Lesse Troop doth quarter; come they hither,  
 They'd tear these Rogues ears, though of lea-  
 Quoth *Hudibras* 'tis crick of Clown, (then  
 To take one up before he's down;  
 Yours is the work of half a year,  
 And my Design does lie but here  
 A stone's throw off, but twenty mile,  
 And may be done while one does pile  
 A load of Wood. I think not so,  
 Quoth *Justice* then, though much I know.  
 Yes, upon motion of my Friend,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I know, they'll send  
 Either a Company or Troop,  
 Shall make these stubborn Rascals stoop;  
 But good Sir Bro. quoth *Justice*, Sir,  
 What will their coming here infer?  
 'Tis true, that after Beef comes Mustard,  
 When Belly's full, then bring in Custard:  
 In plain, the Proverb's good I swear,  
 They'll come a day after the fair;

C

Or

Or (as of yore the learned Clerk it)  
 Will come at th' end of a bad Market.  
 At end of Feast I cannot say;  
 But after fray I justly may.  
 Then (under favour) Brother Knights,  
 Your Reasons are not in the rights;  
 You from *Nantwich* do draw Design,  
 And you fetch yours beyond the Line,  
 For here, or there, 'tis call'd all one,  
 The Line of Communication.  
 And the wise Parliament thought fit  
 We should be neighbours to their Wit.  
 Sir *Guild* I cannot reach your sense,  
*Nantwich* is many miles from hence,  
 And yours I'm sure doth lie as far  
 As *Kingstone* is from *Westminster*,  
 You say they'l come, I ask you when?  
 You say to Morrow. And what then?  
 I do Respond, before they come  
 The Foe is gone, each Wight's at home,  
 So that your Counsel is no more,  
 "Than Steed being stoln, saut Stable door.

The Red-coats come, and simply see  
 A goodly field and long Pole-tree?  
 Perhaps they'd reach Revenge on Wood,  
 But what will that do our Heads good,  
 That ache with blows, and our bones more?  
 Will that be Salve for every Sore?  
 Did *Paracelsus* ever make  
 Plaisters of Chips for Valours sake?  
 Or will (by sympathy) the blows  
 And hacks on Pole be felt by Foes?  
 You may as well say, Strike me Brother  
 Here, and at York 't shall lye on t'other.  
 I need not further wrack my Brains,  
 (And't may be little thank for pains)  
 To bring Comparisons, save this  
 Which was said of *Diogenes*,  
 When he was told that one spoke ill  
 Of him behind his back, it will  
 Quoth he, not hurt me, if he do,  
 When I'm not present, beat me too,  
 So to as little purpose were  
 These men thought on, should combat air,

And like the King of France his Men,  
 March up the Hill, and down agen.  
 More I could say, but let it rest,  
 The Birds at night will fly to Nest:

What that infers your selves may judge,  
 I have too long been Reasons Drudge.

Quoth *Hudibras*, must we pass by  
 So grand an open Injury?

Render'd the scorn and sport of Clown,  
 And Table-talk for all the Town?

We that have seen Death in the Field,  
 And made the surly Fellow yield;  
 We that through *daggers* mouth have met  
 The Foe, and ne'r the worse for't yet,

I mean the common Enemy,  
 The bold and daring Cavalry.

We can't deny but the base Clubs  
 Of this rude Rout have given us Rubs,  
 Which will remain a day or two:

On sides, in Colours black and blew;  
 And 'gainst our wills are sp're't to wear 'um.  
 Those that did give 'um, *Old Nick* tear 'um

Can you, Sir *Just*, so tamely take  
 This Cudgel-Combat, and not make  
 The very Basis of the Town  
 To tremble at your awful frown?  
 Is Justice lame as well as blind,  
 Cripp'l'd in Power as well as Mind?  
 Can you send Beggars to the Stocks,  
 And have no Punishment for Knocks:  
 Knocks in a most Malign sence,  
 That will admit of no pretence?  
 Were you Commissionated *Harry*,  
 Or are you *Supernumerary*,  
 To wit, one that may be employ'd  
 When others are with service cloy'd?  
 If you the thing it self assume,  
 In your own strength you may presume,  
 And by attractive Vertue draw  
 Obedience to you, Brat oth' Law:  
 Pitchforks and Prongs will soon appear.  
 When that Sir *Justice* is in fear.  
 Oblige your Interest, Neighbours raise,  
 My honour then will bear the Bayes:

And that you may not want a Man  
 Resolved, know I'll head the Van,  
 You and Sir *Guill.* bring up the Rear,  
 I hope y'are not ill placed there.  
*Sir Hud.* and *Bro.* I must confess,  
 Not willingly I'de *Aquiesce*.  
*Quoth Justice*, Sir, but as I search  
 At Reason, and her Intrails search,  
 I know there's no good to be done,  
 Either with Father, or with Son:  
 The Case is alter'd now, quoth *Ployden*,  
 Which is asserted by each *Hoyden*:  
 When danger did attend our Gates,  
 We did not fear to venture Pates,  
 But now we have no Enemie,  
 Unless among our selves they be,  
 Pray who do they then Impeach,  
 If you into the sense will reach?  
 They plead to have their sports restor'd,  
 For which they had the *Senates* word,  
 And trust'd to't as much, *Jack* saith,  
 As *Tem* did to the Publique Faith.

Now



Now they instead of being protected  
In their Pastimes, are detected,  
Disturb'd, molested, put in fear,  
Which is a *Session* matter; heaved  
Me brother Knights, 'tis counted *perem*,  
*Terrorem* too, if you will trace 'em,  
To wit, the *Cynick* of the Law,  
Who in this case will find a flaw  
For palm of fist, without good Friends,  
Or Money, which makes all amends.  
But I digress; of this no more,  
To what I should have said before.  
My purpose is; the promise Root  
To all their hopes laid under foot:  
By whom? who did it violate?  
One that's a Servant to the State,  
With *pro* and *son*, that *Justice* I,  
My Conscience speaks it, which won't lye;  
And so for service yours, unsought,  
I'm into a *Premunire* brought.  
Excuse me Brother Knights, God knows  
I'm well contented with my blows,

If you be so, for said my Sire,  
 The burnt Child ever dreads the fire,  
 And I was but an Ass, some hint,  
 At first to have a finger in't.  
 Send *Mittimus*, then quoth Sir *Guild*,  
 As I would do, had I my will.  
 A *Mittimus*, quoth *Justice* then,  
 For what, wherefore, for whom, and when?  
*Exponere*. And who shall serve it?  
 Let such have beating that deserve it,  
 The Constable, nor Tything-man  
 Will do't, if they avoid it can:  
 Besides, did *Justice* er'e obtrude  
 A *Mittimus* on Multitude?  
 And your own Eyes have seen that I,  
 Who am above it, they despise;  
 For all conclude, (or else they'r Fools)  
 The Workman's better than his tools,  
 In brief, (for Brevity's the best  
 To such will not hear out the rest)  
 I'm confident, and dare aver,  
 Not one man on our side will stir.

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The remedy we have is this,  
 Bought wit is best; Nor is it miss  
 Applyed here, which bids be wary  
 Of such who are Ubiquitary.  
 Quoth Hudibras, why brother Juss  
 I wonder you should Cackle thus:  
 Has the Hen trod you? Is your Comb  
 Cut, and no Cock in dunghil-home?  
 Prevaricate, turn Cat in Pan,  
 Be lesse than Beast, yet seem a Man.  
 Do you wear Beard, and wang a Face  
 To add a credit to your Place?  
 Too much the Proverb now should hit  
 In you, to have more hair than wit.  
 The Romans shav'd themselves for clean  
 The face of Justice might be seen.  
 But you obscure it with a Grov,  
 Where Maggots Nest in Neighbour love:  
 Or like the creeping Syrian King,  
 When he with Beasts went a Banquetting.  
 What strange coherence doth bewitch  
 Your Worships Nose to Plow-mans breech?

I do request your learned Noddle,  
 Tell me what's that in Pan you coddle,  
 For Brains you have not (I suppose)  
 Unlesse they drop out of your Nose.  
 Are you a Magistrate per se,  
 Or insufficient to be?  
 To which of these Nouns do you incline?  
 Your Gender sure's not Masculine:  
 Rather the Doubtful, like long Megs,  
 And scarce can stand on your own legs.  
 The Sword on Shoulder was mis-laid,  
 When kneel down Gent. rise Knight was said:  
 And he that made thee Justice-dasher  
 Did spoil (Sir Reverence) a good Thrasher.  
 Nay, quoth Sir Gill. I promise you,  
 Bro. Hud. something he said was true,  
 And now for Councel well may pass,  
 Though one would take him for an Ass,  
 Not to run farther in the Briers,  
 Is all that his advice requires:  
 And truly, unless we were stronger,  
 I think't not safe to stay here longer.

Quoth

Quoth then Sir Justice, 'tis all one  
To me, to stay or to be gone;  
But I think packing is the best,  
For beating this, is but Earnest  
To after payments that will follow,  
When as the Rout Triumph and hollow,  
If you at good advice will rave,  
Abuse your friends when none you have:  
Take Pepper in N. strello when  
You want a Box to put it in;  
I care not a Fleas-biting for  
All your great din, pudder, and stir;  
And as a wiser than you all  
Did speak in house beyond the Halls,  
If without cause you are angry be,  
Be pleas'd without amends for me:  
And since all words are held but wind,  
Your Girdles buckle turn behind;  
I'll not be bug-bear'd at the word  
Of Colonel Cramp, or wife Sir Turd;  
I've seen a Knight ere I saw you.

Quoth Hudibras, I scarce one so true

Mine

Mine currant and of older stamp  
 Than thine that is but lately vampt,  
 Mine will be lasting, thine decay,  
 The more's your shame, as I may say.  
 Quoth *Justice* then, for one may see  
 You're Cöbler but in Heraldry:  
 And if I don't mistake my Note,  
 You basely have abac'd your Coat;  
 For he can be no Child of Honour,  
 That shall for favours spurn at th' Donor:  
 As for my part (though mine were latter)  
 I shall stick still to the first matter,  
 I will obedient be to Powers  
 That are above me, not to yours;  
 And in my Neighbours love will die,  
 I value not wherefore, nor why.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, to horse, a Curse  
 Upon this Town, *Malignants* Nurse,  
 And doth derive part of its name  
 From whom (at first) Tyranny came.  
 May darkness feiz upon your dwellings,  
 That have eclips'd my high Excellings;

May

May all your Wives be leapt by Clown,  
 And your fine Bread be turn'd to Brown;  
 May all your Cattel die oth' Rot,  
 And not a piece be had for Pot,  
 Or Spit; and may your Children mutter,  
 When Kine want Milk, and they want Butter.  
 Quoth Justice then, thou art no Christian,  
 A Turk, or Jew, or Tribe Philistian:  
 Get to thy Crew, from hence for shame,  
 Left on thy back light all the blame.  
 So part they did with Anger eager  
 As frowns on Brows, and Visage meager:  
 The Squires were call'd from Tipling-Cell,  
 Not dreaming of what had befall;  
 Armed with Liquor Male they stride  
 Their sturdy Steeds, and on they ride;  
 Leaving Sir Justice out of Peace,  
 Fretting and melting in's own greace;  
 And unto Town, famous for Hogs,  
 Butchers, and their like Mastiff-dogs;  
 And for a Witch that once liv'd there,  
 Not unlike Falstaff in Shakespear;

But

But more for fight, when *Londoners*  
 In *Thames* were dipt on'e head and ears,  
 And some Limbless in *Carts* were sent,  
 As Presents unto Parliament,  
 Which made a foul House, and no doubt  
 Was ill Resented when smelt out;  
 Thither they hast, but in their way,  
 Latet in anguis; some rubs lay.  
 At distance mile from Town there stood  
 An *Amphitheatre* of Wood,  
 Back'd pretty strong, a Form or Bench,  
 Where sat Sir *Capon* and his *Wench*;  
 A Plank for Stage some five yards high,  
 (With Curtain most conveniently.)  
 On which Sir *Hud.* whose eies were walking,  
 Perceiv'd a fellow gape, or talking,  
 Sometimes expanding arms, then clutch.  
 His fists, or point to thumb, as much;  
 His head was in perpetual motion,  
 His eies the same, to put off lotion,  
 And tongue he had more swift than Jack,  
 Which alwaies ran knickknack, knickknack,



Forthrough his teeth such jangling went,  
 As one would think his gums were wrent :  
 Spectators many stood before,  
 To see the Knacks he had in store,  
 With *Algate-Mouths*, *Saracens Ear*,  
 They gape to cast, as mad to hear.  
 On either side of *Theatre*  
 Were plac'd two Tubs of sturdy Beer  
 And Wenches that for Novelties,  
 Sold Ginger-bread, and Pudding-pies,  
 Which fodder was unto the Cattel,  
 As when Train-band do enter battel :  
 This made the Knights and Squires to pause  
 A while, and sit into the cause :  
 What can this mean, quoth *Hudibras*,  
 To Knight Sir *Guill*. must we not pass ?  
 Does Courage so adapt my blade,  
 That Multitudes do Ambuscade ?  
 Day thou art fatal, yet bright Honour  
 Shall say I still will wait upon her ;  
 Behold, troop up, defie the Foe ;  
 Hold, quoth Sir *Guill*. I say not so ;

Observe

Observe you not yon man of Zeal,  
 A blessed Type oth' Common-weal,  
 With held up hands, and devout eies,  
 He doubtless is at Exercise,  
 His Faculties in labour are,  
 To feed the Soul even through the Ears;  
 A work of Grace he is a doing,  
 Then soberly let us be going;  
 Curb in the Reins of wicked Horse,  
 And pace like men that have remorse,  
 For ah, alack no blows controul  
 As words, that cudgel do the Soul,  
 For they, like to *Achilles* Spear,  
 Both wound and heal, or I'm not here.  
 So on they amble to the place,  
 Where *Monsieur* spake with a boon grace;  
 Begar me kill you all, and den  
 Presan make you alive agen;  
 Wi dis me do all de gran Cure,  
 De Pock, de Scab, de Calenture;  
 Me make de Man strong, pour de Wench.  
 (Then riseth *Capon* from the Bench)

Look

Look you me now, do you no see  
Dead yeste day, now live day be,  
Four boon, dey leap, dey dance, dey sing,  
May foy, an do de toder ting :  
Begar good Medicine do all dis.  
*Capon* makes legs, and *Wench* doth kiss,  
Take hands, and throw their legs about.  
Then *Hudibras* disturbs the Rout :  
Quoth he, what do you come to see,  
A *Pandor* shew his Harlotry ?  
Then forth of Holster doth he take  
His fatal Engine, to awake  
His long slept anger ; 'mongst 'em then  
(Wich Courage would serve twenty Men)  
He rusheth, makes the Rabble fly ;  
*Monsieur* doth quarter, quarter cry ;  
And *Capon* (but for *Wenches Teathers*)  
Had been hung up in his own Feathers :  
The Suttlers lay as they were dead,  
To see their Drink so murdered ;  
Hot Custard, piping-Pudding-pie,  
On *Gods* cold Earth at distance lie ;

The Knights and Ladies funder'd are,  
 In Ginger-bread united were :  
 But th' Squires did in Pocketto put  
 Some Pudding-pies, as good for Gut.  
 The Rout dispers'd, quoth *Hudibras*,  
 Brother Sir *Gull*; and Squires, the face  
 Of fortune now is wheel'd about,  
 She doth assist the bold and stout ;  
 I knew er'e Ev'ning did close in  
 We should be Conquerors, and win ;  
 Perseverance doth make the Man  
 Inclin'd to War a Champion ;  
 Diffidence and distrust confound,  
 And bury Honour under ground :  
 To take one Wound, and fear another,  
 Makes man but Valours bastard-brother.  
 In all brave Fights with courage born,  
 Ev'nings prove better than the Morn :  
 In triumph Squires lead on to Town,  
 We have recover'd our Renown.



## The third Canto.

### Argument.

The Victors all their Pris'ners carry  
 Through Town to Castle, and there tarry,  
 Which Pilgrims us'd in times of yore  
 To call an Inn, and shew'd wherefore;  
 There they in Council sit, and do  
 Examine Quack, Capono too,  
 Nor doth the Wench escape their reach,  
 They in her Coate do find a breach.  
 But in the Close (without controll)  
 They Pris'ners pass on their Paroll.  
 Then new adventures they do seek  
 Th' Mong Butchers rude, and Puppets meek.

Da

Unhappy

**U**Nhappy is the Wight that has  
 To do with mighty *Hudibras*,  
 Whose courage no rebating knows,  
 For he drives on, and calls for blows,  
 And like the daring *Scitbian* Shepheard,  
 Keeps Sword from Rust, till all are pepper'd  
 Or in the sanguine Liquor stew'd  
 Issuing from *Pagan* Multitude,  
 Though Fortune on his side may frown  
 At first, at last her Pride comes down,  
 Which he takes up, and swells his Sails  
 With glorious *Nibils*, empty Gales :  
 So have I known some Courtiers want  
 Bread more than ever did *Pesant*,  
 Upon the turning of the Wheel,  
 Preferment made their Reason reel,  
 And slight those from whom helps they had;  
 Success and Money make Men mad ;  
 Money that *Loyalty* out-braves,,  
 Keeps back the honest, brings in knaves,  
 Puts fellows Princip'l'd in Treason  
 In Power and trust 'gainst sense and reason,

Replies

Replies to all things, Rhimes to *Honey*,  
Ask what's a Clock, 'tis answer'd *Money*.  
Go to 'em but to speak about,  
Some business, freight the hand's held out,  
Which signifies you must prepare,  
Before your matter meet their Ear;  
Like half-starv'd Wretches (come to meat)  
Do covet more than they can eat;  
Or as the Proverb bids you mark,  
*The Priest forgets he er'e was Clark*,  
Sir *Hudibras*, whose great Prowess  
Aims at the *more*, forgets the *less*,  
Troops on with all his Captiv'd train  
In state much like to *Tamberlain*,  
For he his Couquest to compleat,  
Chains, *Mounſieur Quack* like *Bajazet*,  
And at Horse tail he doth attend,  
Like one made for no other end;  
With head on side of neck, he goes,  
His Vessels leaking, Eies and Nose,  
His anticke motions are forgot,  
He moves as though he moved not,

Nor can you blame him thus to falter,  
No Dog but would abandon halter ;  
And he well knew there was no trick  
In reading, or practice *Chymick*,  
After a hanging to cure Gullet,  
And set it right to swallow Pullet :  
*Capono* and his Damsel brought  
Up Rear, with Sorrow fully fraught,  
His countenance betray'd him loth  
To be disht up among white Broath,  
And doubted much to have his Book,  
He knew he had a hanging look.  
The Damsel lookt like one near dead,  
But comforted by Ginger-bread,  
And now and then with Pudding-pie,  
Tender'd by Squires (some reason why)  
For as Taylors preserve their Cabbage,  
So Squires take care of Bag and Baggage.  
*Vesper* appear'd, and *Sol* was down  
When *Hudibras* did enter Town :  
Quoth he, Bro. *Guill*. observe the Sun,  
Envying the Glories we have won,



Is gone to bed, and in meer spight  
 Shadows our *Trophies* with the Night;  
 But e're he has ta'ne Nap or two  
 Weel rouz him with *Atchievements* new,  
 Bleeding like *Hennings* in their Gills,  
 And fresh top, or we'l want our wills:  
 So over Lake, *Anglice*, Kennel  
 (Which had a stronger scent than Fennel)  
 They unto Gate (beyond it) past,  
 Famous (when shut) for being fast.  
 Quoth Knight to Squires, go one of you,  
 No matter which, you are but two,  
 And ask who keeps this Garrison,  
 I mean the House, but tis all one.  
 Your words, quoth Squire shall be obey'd,  
 Great *Hudibras*, (just so he said)  
 Before the turning of a Teaster,  
 Or bate me of an Egg at Easter.  
 Whoop, quoth the Squire, where are you ho?  
 A Language he was vers'd into,  
 For he had travel'd many a mile,  
 And was not now to seek his stile.

At last *Ostlero* did appear,  
Whose Nose did scent the Beasts were near:  
Quoth he, why bring you not down lights  
For Squires so good, and eak for Knights?  
Quoth Squire, first take in care our Horses,  
And then you may rally your Forces.  
With hand as useful *Quacks* Syrrups,  
*Ostlero* streight takes hold on Stirropps,  
And leads the Palfreys to the Stable,  
Where he did do what he was able  
To Beasts, for he and they were kin,  
However they were now drawn in.  
Mean while was *Chamberlano* call'd;  
He came, and ask'd for what they bawl'd,  
For he was ready for all squabbles,  
Having been beat (it seems) at Tables.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, where wert thou bread?  
Wilt thou not stand us now in stead?  
Wearied with doing mighty things,  
Spent the whole day with Bickerings,  
These are the *Guordions* of our toil,  
Our purchase and our lawfull spoil.

Quoth

Quoth then Sir *Gull*. oh fie, good Brother,  
Let us like Christians love each other.

But every like is not the same,

Quoth *Hudibras*, you are too blame,

You will be twittering like the *Drill*,

Yet insignificant be still.

Quoth he these are meer Infidels.

Begar you lie (quoth *Monsieur*) else,

Softly to self, as who should say,

He would speak more were he away.

Quoth *Hudibras*, shew up to room,

For they shall soon receive their doom.

Quoth *Chamberlano*, after banging,

I think them hardly worth the hanging;

Yet I presume they may be try'd well,

And sent to place yclipsed *Bridewell*.

Thou hitt'st it right, quoth *Hudibras*,

And so they unto Chamber pass,

The fairest in the place you may

Believe what ever others say;

In length it was full fourteen yards,

In bredth some twelve, measure, *Richards*;

The

The Floor for Corners, strew'd with Rushes;  
Chimney set out with Boughs and Bashes;  
The Walls instead of Tapestry,  
Were hung about with History,  
As those of the *Prodigal Son*,  
And Judgment just of *Solomon*,  
In Capitals most fairly writ,  
To take the Eye, and help the Wit;  
Upon the Ceiling one might see  
Clouds of mens names in Candlerie,  
Who had been Patrons to the place,  
And penny spent in putting Case:  
In Window laid was Lavendare,  
Of which the Cushions smelt most rare,  
With pots of Flowers very pleasing  
To put a man into a sneezing:  
In midst of Room a Table stood,  
Which certainly was made of Wood;  
The *Superstities* of it was  
A Carpet, which for green may pass  
T' avoid Disputes, but to say true,  
It might as well be ta'ne for blew,

Or any colour else, or none  
 At all, howe're 't shall pass for one,  
 Richly strip'd o're with dregs of Ale,  
 Which from o're-charg'd Cups seldom fail,  
 And here and there you might discry  
 A breach made by the Enemy,  
 Who from *Mundungoes* took its name,  
 And wastes it self in smoak and flame,  
 Whose ashes fatal are to Cloth,  
 Linnen, or Woolen, all, or both :  
 On each side Table placed were  
 Stools joynted and at end a Chair,  
 Which was for Worshipful, so please,  
 But all was for the Buttocks ease :  
 And lights in Sticks some place did fill there,  
 Some say were Tin, but bright as silver :  
 At end of Room a Bed did stand,  
 Whose Posts were carv'd by cunning hand,  
 Faces good store, but ne're a Nose,  
 And Legs too without feet, or Toes,  
 Which either came by some disaster,  
 Or else he was not his Arts Master ;

And

And yet perhaps he did express  
The Art he had in ugliness ;  
For to do things exactly ill  
Must needs shew (though not Judgment) Skill:  
About the Tester of the Bed,  
And so on that they call the Head,  
Were painted Batts (like *Cherubs*) flying,  
To comfort Souls when they are dying.  
But rouse my *Muse*, y've been too long  
Upon the Bed, pursue your Song ;  
For *Clio* (as some Authors ken)  
Doth sing the worthy Deeds of Men,  
So all this while it may be sed,  
We have been singing *Knights to bed* :  
Therefore no harm to Ears that have  
No mind to hear, nor those that crave.  
And now we come unto the Point,  
By this time Squires had truckt for Joint  
Of Mutton, or some wholesome food,  
Which they knew was for body good,  
And brought up word unto the Knights,  
Who bid withdraw a while yon' Wights,  
Pointing

## Cant. 3. of Hudibras,

57

kill:

Pointing to Prisoners, who stood gaping,  
 As Damsel did, who long'd for *Japing*,  
 A word the *Gipseys* much affect,  
 And held by *Tbese* in like respect;  
 For they have travell'd North, and South,  
 With it, and tenant is to mouth,  
 Which though they throw out now and then,  
 They entertain with joy agen;  
 But er'e the Creature was brought up;  
 Or that the Knights had ta'ne a sup,  
 On these main words, *put case* and *whether*,  
 The Knights condogg'd, knockt Jolls toge-  
 At last for private Reasons they (ther,  
 Did think it fit the Wights should stay;  
 For held it was a point of State,  
 That Prisoners should on table wait.  
 After a hem, Sir *Hudibras*  
 Bespake and said, alas, alas! (oor)  
 Begar, quoth *Monsieur*, here be none,  
 Me scorn your vards begone, begone.  
 There's no such hast, then quoth Sir *Gnill*.  
 Our Enmity is not so ill

To

To have you lose part of the *Supper*;  
And therefore stay: Marry come up here,  
Quoth *Hudibras*, must you be treated,  
Whom we but lately have defeated?  
Begar (quoth *Quack*) vid all mine heart  
Me take de *Supper* in good part;  
Me be no angry vid dat,  
Dough me be ma'd at me know vat.  
Then *Chamberlano Cloth* did lay,  
Which had not seen *Sun* many a day,  
And *Salt* set down with little loss,  
Its *Coll* was part of *Charing-Cross*,  
In equipage most formidable  
All things were fitted for the *Table*,  
Then *Hudibras* bid all be bare.  
Lend Ear to *Grace* (but none was there)  
His eies and bands did make dumb shows,  
His tongue (too) and his very nose;  
But this fume did not last him long,  
His stomach to the *Meat* was strong:  
Quoth he, give *Trenchers* to the *Wretches*  
Let them attend while *Colon* stretches.



Ma foy, me understand no dis,  
 Quoth *Quack*, trencher in hand a, pis  
 Bougra Shack-dog, me Serving Man,  
 Dat in the Pock have de Largent,  
 Oh have you so, quoth *Hudibras*,  
 We'll see anon if it will pass;  
 Sit down, and let your Servants eat  
 With Squires so good, we'll leave 'em meat.  
 Four boon begar, 'tis all a mode,  
 Quoth *Quack*, poor Men travel de Rode,  
 So they fall to't with teeth and knives,  
 And throw about 'em for their lives,  
 They little leisure had to prate,  
 And so avoided all debate,  
 To wit, had stomachs like to horse,  
 And had not time to find discourse;  
 They did so pay shoulder a Mutton,  
 That morsel scarce was left there upon,  
 For Squires, & charge, whose looks so meager  
 Declar'd that they to eat were eager.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, Squire stake away,  
 Victual your Camps, but do not stay

Long

Long by't ; and hear me, send up Pease,  
They will our appetites appease ;  
Dispatch, for business great (you know)  
Effect we must, e're sleep we do :  
So down goes Squires, and into Room,  
Where *Hogo* did from *Stabe* come ;  
They put *Capone* and his Wench  
Where neither stool was, nor yet bench,  
But forms a couple by good hap,  
And Table too, (to take a snap)  
Some four foot high, and two yards long,  
With legs of wood supported strong :  
And therefore Authors say the word  
Implies (in very truth) a Board :  
There us'd *Tapstero*, and *Ostlers*,  
To play at *Putt* for *Canns* of Beer, ho ;  
On board, or table, was set down  
The burthen'd dish with meatless borie ;  
And streight out of the Kitchin popt  
A Wench that had in dripping sopt ;  
'Tis true, her hands were not so white  
As theirs that lye in gloves all night ;

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No matter though some speak *em* foul,  
 She was a good condition'd soul,  
 And meerly in good will did bring  
 A *Glout*; sh<sup>d</sup> had newly been wringing,  
 After it serv'd had *dish* and *pot*,  
 And came from *dresser* reaking hot:  
 Oh fie (quoth she) are you without  
 A cloath? then down she dropt her clout,  
 And spreaded it to best advantage  
 (In cloath sometimes there may be scantage)  
 And so they fell to picking bone,  
 Which was snatcht at by every one,  
 With many a *Wink*-contrived slip,  
 And happy he could get a *snip*,  
 Only for Damsel carv'd was *Knuckle*,  
 And she as stoutly with't did buckle:  
 Quoth Squires, are there no *Peason* left  
 For us, who are with hunger cleft?  
 Hunger you know is very *keen*,  
 Or (as some have it) *sharp*, which e'ne  
 Will break *stone walls* through; then what hath  
*Man* to defend him, who's but *lath*?

E

Quoth

Quoth Squire, come bring us (& then drinks)  
Onions and Cheese to fill up chinks;  
Which they chop down with far more ease,  
Than Dogs (in Summer) snap up Fleas.  
I might say something of the becks,  
The winckings and their counter-checks,  
Simprings, and treading on the toes,  
Excuses (too) to pluck a Rose,  
Which (for Squires sake) distressed Dam-  
Sel us'd to make, when loose ith' Ham;  
But I conceive they will advance  
Matter enough for some Romance;  
So I acquit my self the pains  
That do attend those busie-brains;  
And unto Hudibras, who now  
Summons his Wits, and knits his brow,  
Crosses the Proverb (like a Gull)  
Grows angry when his Belly's full,  
Stroaks up his forehead with a Grace,  
And looks Hat-lining in the face,  
Mutters a word or two to self,  
Then calls, where's Chamberlain that Elf?

ks) To clear the board, or *Tapster*, he  
May do the office if need be :  
And so about the Room he struts,  
Like him that newly fill'd had guts ;  
Or as 'tis said of *Crow* in gutter ;  
His Arms like wings about did flutter :  
He rubs his elbow, then his pate,  
Calls up the Squires, quoth he, 'tis late,  
And bid 'em bring with them their *Charge*,  
My word is a *Mandamus* large  
Enough ; all Consultations are  
Ripest at Night, as th' *Romans* were ;  
The Mornings Dew the Poets Suck,  
That makes 'em poor (the worser luck)  
Their Friend *Aurora* doth inspire  
Their Fancies but with early fire,  
Not well grown up, a fainting light,  
When weighty matters require night,  
And in the States-mans Cabinet,  
We therefore will in *Council* set.  
But here Sir *Hudibras* mistook,  
And went a mile beside his Book,

For he that is a Poet right,  
Doth court the Morn, and wed the Night:  
And such as have the happy Fate  
To steer a *Stage*, can steer a *State*.  
The Squires at *Call* obedient were,  
And to their Arms did soon repair;  
The Prisoners were conducted up,  
After they'd ta'ne a lusty sup  
Of knocking Ale, though Liquor muddy,  
It in their Cheeks rais'd colour ruddy,  
Quoth *Hudibras*, draw nearer you,  
And you *Jack-daw* get to your Crew,  
Speaking to *Quack*. Be me Shack-daw;  
(Quoth he) you be Shack-nape, pishaw-----  
Me no care dis----begar me be  
A Gentlehome in mine Country,  
Me tell you dat, better den you,  
Vat den? may foy me speak de true:  
Quoth *Hudibras*, thou sawcy wight,  
Compare how dar'st thou with Sir Knight?  
Him, into whose more powerful hands,  
Confiscate are thy life and lands,

As

As thou shalt see, soon after Tryal  
Sentence shall pass without denial.  
So he surveys the Room, and where  
*Solomon* painted was, set's Chair,  
And seats self in't; quoth he, before  
We handle th' matter, shut the door,  
And snuff the Candles, they burn dim:  
The Squire with hast obeyed him.  
Then *Hudibras* bid 'em sit down  
At Tables end, and mind their own,  
Which was their *Arms*; then frown he threw  
At Prisoners, might have made them spew  
Their Suppers up, but when he saw  
It had no power upon their Maw,  
He finds another way, and blisters  
Sir *Gulielmo's* Ears with whispers;  
At fingers ends he pleads their Cases,  
(The ancient way us'd by *Arbaces* :)  
And as his head and fingers plaid,  
Quoth *Capon*, sure he's of our Trade  
Mark, *Master*, if he can refrain  
To shew in part *Legerdemain*;

I, now again, he does't with ease,  
And has more Roguish tricks than these;  
Fear not, I warrant we are quit,  
Hang him, he has a Pest'lent wit,  
Sudden as Thunder (that scours Beer)  
As loud too he bids Wretches hear,  
For now his anger is grown hot,  
(And a Fools bolt is soonest shot;)  
Are you asham'd to shew your Faces?  
Then to the brown Cow turn your Arses,  
(A Military word much us'd  
In *Scotland*, though by some abus'd,  
And signifies to face about,  
True, we might here have left it out:)  
He riseth from his *Chair*, and straight  
Fils it again, to shew his state;  
Supports his *Whiskers* wick *fore-finger*,  
Bites Thumb instead of *candi'd Ginger*,  
Which if you dare to take my word,  
At that time *House* could not afford;  
But *Don de Fogo* (by relation)  
Speaks it a sign of indignation,



3. A Menacement unto the Foe,  
And it may well be taken so,  
From hence the ancient Proverb comes,  
*The angry man will eat his Thumbs* : now I find,  
But in another sense we find  
The matter of a different kind,  
As when o're *Coward* one prevails,  
He swears he'll make him eat his Nails,  
Yet seriously consider'd, we  
Find not the sense to disagree,  
For Nail to Thumb's a noted Friend,  
And holds out to the very end ;  
So that if Nail a sufferer be,  
The Thumb must share by sympathy :  
So much for that, and now to him  
Eclipsed *Hudibras the Grim* ;  
And yet he'll smile, but then beware,  
For sure it is against the hair ;  
Quoth he, 'tis fit we should take care  
(*Imprimis*) to know what you are,  
From whence you came, and what you do  
In *England*, not a place for you ;

We have no vagrant People here,  
 But what are punisht most severe,  
 And if you do transgress our Laws,  
 You are condemn'd for the same Cause.  
 Your *Lex* (quoth *Quack*) me no concern,  
 Wat's dat to dee ver me yas born,  
 Me be no sham'd of my Countree,  
 Me be a Frenshman de Parree,  
 'Tis no four boon to use me dus,  
 Ven *England* be in League vid us.  
 That makes not for you a bare word,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, so thumpt the board  
 With fist as hard, as who should say,  
 What mischief's this? would it were day,  
 For Arguments grew on apace,  
 And so did night, put case to case;  
 If theft or murder you commit,  
 Quoth he, pray who shall pardon it?  
 Th' Offence done here? Good Mr. *Bluf-*  
*Tier*, must not th' mercy come from us?  
 Begar (quoth *Quack*) me be no fush Man,  
 Me travell'd *Swed. Ital. and Dushland*,

Nay

Nay par may foy, all de Varld o're,  
 And me ne'r was serv'd dus before.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, what made you to  
 About you call so base a Crew  
 Of Tag and Rag, lewd hair-brain'd fellows,  
 Many of them deserving Gallows?  
 This will be found an Insurrection,  
 To which the Law denies protection;  
 In time of Peate to raise a rude  
 And giddy-headed multitude,  
 To break the Peace --- No, no, begar,  
 (Quoth *Quack*) you break de Peace vid Var,  
 You draw de Sword, and cock de Pistol,  
 Come down, sa, sa, ven dey ver whist all,  
 Begar you break de Peace, me say;  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, an Ass will bray,  
 And so dost thou; I tell thee, this  
 Crime is Indictable, that 'tis.  
 Ditable, vat be dat? quoth he,  
 Me no it understand, fi, fi.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, what do we know,  
 But your come here to stir up Foe;

To set the needy *Cavaliers*  
And us together by the Ears,  
That Money have, which they do want,  
And for't will fight like *Tarmagant*,  
And so our Volours be upbraided,  
And every Road be Ambuscaded ;  
This we interpret may a Plot  
To raise a new War, Is it not,  
*Bro. Guill.* ? Now he of Speech was slow,  
Because he would not his Teeth show,  
And to avoid the carping might  
Upon his words and judgment light,  
Which shew'd his wisdom and intent,  
By silence still to give consent ;  
For the best way to shun dispute,  
Is to say nothing, or be mute.  
So on Sir *Hudibras* proceeds,  
And aggravates *Quack*'s foul misdeeds,  
So high, and with so strong a sense,  
You'd wonder it should come from thence.  
*Begar* (quoth *Quack*) you be de strange  
Man in de Varl, your wit do range ;

Me tell you one, two, tree, fore times,  
 Me be no born here in your Climes;  
 Me be de Frenchman, profess Phisick,  
 Mecure de Pock, de Cough, de Tisick,  
 De Ith, de Gout, de Ash in bones,  
 And me (begar) can cut your Scones.  
 How's that? quoth wrathful *Hudibras*,  
 That word shan't unrevenged pass:  
 A Purse too can you cut? quoth he,  
 And pick a Pocket if need be?  
 Or are imploy'd by those that do,  
 To draw the main end up, the *Crew*?  
 Me no endure dis ting, nor dat,  
 Quoth *Quack*, come hidder, shew de Pat.  
*Capon*, vid hands of approbation  
 From the College, pour, colleration  
 From Potentates, and mighty Princes,  
 Dat in the Varld de like not since is.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, oh is it so?  
 You kill, Come privilegio;  
 Ensnar'd you are by th is account,  
 And Crimes on Crimes *supermount*,

For

For Murder, or the like, there is  
 No help left for you serving this,  
 Shew something sign'd by *Parliament*,  
 Or *Oliver*, to that intent,  
 And wee'l acquit you, give you o're,  
 Else we proceed must as before :  
 What say you for your self ? Dis be  
 (Quoth *Quack*) may foy very pretty;  
 Vat do me need hands for fush tings,  
 Ven me have got de hands of Kings ?  
 Me never did seek after dem.  
 Your words ( quoth *Hudibras* ) condemn  
 Your self ; but e're we sentence pass,  
 Come hider fellow with your Lafs :  
 What Trade art thou ? (Quoth *Capon*) none,  
 I thank my Parents, I'm but one  
 Of thirteen that is left alive,  
 The rest *Gregg*. did of breath deprive.  
 \*Tis fit thou make up bakers dozen,  
 (Quoth *Hudibras*) not Hangman cozen.  
 And what are you, there, Mistris *Minks* ?  
 With cheeks that look like drooping Pinks ?  
 What

What trade do you drive'mong these fellows?  
 Are you Whore-ripe (too) for the Gallows?  
 At which the Squires look'd very sad,  
 Fearing her Case would prove but bad.  
 Quoth she, I must confess I am  
 (And't please your Worship) what I am,  
 And have a long time follow'd this  
 French Doctor here for *Had-I-miss*.  
 Art thou a Man, or art thou Woman,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, for both are common.  
 Quoth she, I'm of the weaker Sex,  
 God bless your Worship, *Vivat Rex*,  
 What's that, quoth he, you mutter'd last;  
 I doubt y'are Male beneath the Waste,  
 For as some Authors well have noted,  
 Youths have been sometimes petticoated;  
 If so, there must be danger in't,  
 Statutes against it live in Print;  
 Search her, examine all the nicks,  
 For I do hate those Players tricks.  
 Glad of the Office, Squires begin  
 To strip her to the very skin,

Quoth

Quoth *Capon*, hold, to end the strife,  
And 't please you (Sir) she is my Wife.  
A Woman right. Yes (Sir) quoth she,  
Your men know that as well as he.  
She had a quick and piercing sight,  
And found they Servants were to Knight:  
Nay then (quoth *Hudibras*) if she  
Bee leeful lawful Wife to thee;  
Enquire no further; Squires forbear;  
And touch not the forbidden Ware.  
Quoth she, I thank your love for that,  
Your Men I knew would harm me not.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend, take her to thee,  
And many a good turn may she do thee:  
His Passion (now) left to be wild,  
As sleep came on, so he grew mild,  
He found the Night look monstrous grim,  
And *Morpheus* had surpriz'd him,  
He gapes, and yawns, and nods his head,  
(Summons that call *Mortals* to bed)  
What is't a Clock (quoth he) d'ye think?  
(One would have thought he 'ad bin in drink)

Sure



Sure it draws near to break of day,  
And I have something more to say:  
Oh Brother, that you could me help,  
But you are better skill'd in *Kelp*  
(For which he was about to get  
A Patent, but was chous'd of it)  
Since then (quoth he) the Charge is mine,  
To quicken Spirits, fill some Wine;  
And having ta'ne a glass or two,  
As *Cicero* did use to do,  
When he in Council sat up late,  
For benefit of *Roman State*;  
He temples rubs to whet his Wits,  
And gravely down again he fits:  
Quoth he, your Crimes are great I know;  
But we to anger (now) are slow;  
Justice is pictur'd blind, and the  
Reason is, 'cause she will not see,  
And though some say she is *Impartial*,  
'Tis found contrary in each *Martial*,  
Or that she should not lend an Ear  
To *this*, or *that*, for love, or fear.

Now

Now that we fear you not, you know,  
And love you can't, what Snake in Bo-  
Some? for you are our Enemies,  
'Twixt these *Extreams* (then) your case lies:  
So that a moderate way we must  
Find out, or you are all but *dust*;  
And that must full of *Honour* be,  
Or else we lose the *Glory*, We  
By *Conquest* won; and now I hit it,  
(This 'tis to be so ready witted).  
By Laws of Arms we are to give  
Quarter to him desires to live;  
What he is Master of is Ours,  
Excepting life, all's in our Powers;  
For such ne'r *Valour* understood,  
That kills his Enemy in cool blood;  
It Murder is conceiv'd by some,  
Of which wee'l wash our hands, come, come;  
Now one would think he cal'd for water,  
But mark, I pray, what followed after:  
We made you Prisoners by our Might,  
And all you have is ours by right;

But

But as the truly generous spirit  
Minds nothing more then *Honors merit*;  
So all the *Plunder* is our due,  
We *gratis* do restore to you;  
And as you are *parte per pale*,  
But half sold things, and therefore frail,  
We'll grant you to your liberty,  
As may with Honor best agree;  
There's several wayes which are not strange  
Upon Parole, or in Exchange:  
Now Fortune was so just a Guide,  
That all the loss was on your side,  
And there the case doth differ much;  
Prisoners you are, you have none such;  
Others have left a Gage behind  
Till their Return, which is to bind;  
But we'll direct a nearer way  
For you to walk, without more stay;  
Y' have plentifully fed on food,  
And therefore 'tis but Reason good  
Without more words, or further beckoning  
You presently discharge the Reckoning:

F

Then

Then cast your Caps up all, and cry,  
 Long live our noble Enemy;  
 Begar me vill do no fush ting,  
 Quoth *Quack*, me say, *Vive de King*  
 Of mine Countrey, vot me to do  
 To make such Preachment pour you?  
 Me no deny to pay mine share,  
 Pour mine self, and mine servants dear;  
 And me vill pay no more begar,  
 Pour all you be de Man of War.  
 I tell you once again, y'are *dust*  
 If you deny a thing so just,  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, if we once flye on,  
 You'l find what 'tis to wake a Lyon:  
 Have we you treated more like Friends  
 Than Enemies; and s this the mends?  
 Squires to your Arms, seize all they have,  
 Only their dirty Vitals save:  
 Now *Hudibras* begins to rant,  
 Lo what it is for Man to want  
 Sleep: Man but two eyes has in's head,  
 Must they be ever opened?

What

What serves lids for, (who like Watch-cases)  
Should close eyes up safe in their places;  
But when the brains boil over pot,  
Then are the lids made fiery hot  
And stiff, they cannot shut the eyes;  
And there 'tis thought the Reason lyes.  
The Squires the *Fod* do hunch and juggle,  
But 'twas in vain for quack to bustle,  
His party was too weak; quoth he,  
Me vill pay de reck'nen *jesvous pres*;  
All, quoth the Squires, or none: Me vill  
Pay all, quoth he, but hold you still,  
It be no boon fashion to pay,  
Me tink, till me do go away:  
Me do not at de reckonen grusk,  
Dough me do tink it very must,  
De Gentlehome, de Traveller,  
Pishaw, do no such ting begar;  
Dey stay in Inn pershanse two, tree  
Days, four boon, but pay no penny  
Till dey do mount Chival, and den  
Dey call mine Host take de Recknen,

Me now loge here dis night, *Alles*,  
 In de morning me cry ver be ye,  
 And discharge house vid all mine soul.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, upon parole  
 Depart you may, that is, to bed,  
 Be sure you keep to what y'ave said;  
 And ere your journey, in the morn,  
 Bring me a Plaister to my Corn.  
 Wee, Wee, quoth *Quack*, me cure you all  
 By fis a clock, or *Diablo* fall:  
 Which reach'd not *Hudibras* his ears,  
 'Twas mutter'd as he went down stairs.  
 Quoth Squires, Wee'l toss a Cup or two  
 (When Knights are safe in bed) with you.  
 Vid all mine heart (quoth *Quack*) me'l stay,  
 One, two, tree oures pour you may foy:  
 The Knights hasten to bed apace:  
 And Squires their armour do unbrace,  
 (Yclyped *Dublets*) *Ostler* call  
 To pull off boots, clean 'em withall:  
 Then down in bed, not bed of down,  
 But such as serv'd (when came to town)

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*Tom Carrier*; Knights their bodies lay,  
And bid the Squires take lights away,  
Dispatch to bed, and special care  
Take of Portmantua that was there;  
For truckling there was none in Room,  
Unless in Rushes they would strome  
(Which some call *stretch*) themselves, and so  
Take key, shut door, and down they go  
To seek a roosting place, and spend  
Some time with Damosel their Friend;  
And *Quack*, whose gibberish pleas'd 'em much;  
*Capon* (too) for wit, none such,  
With little search they find 'm out,  
In a ground Chamber hung about  
With Cobwebs of the finest thred,  
Truckle there was, but ne're a bed,  
A decent Matt there was indeed,  
Of Sheets or Rug they had no need,  
The weather was insulting hot,  
And Fleas would vex where they would not  
Have 'm; and so, to mend the matter,  
They drink about, and no words scatter.

At last (as if't had been allotted )  
 The Squires 'twas said) were shrewdly potted,  
 And sleep they must, then down on Mat  
 They threw themselves, left Cloak and Hat:  
 But subtil *Quack* and's crafty Crew,  
 Slept not, they'd something else to do.  
 By this time day began to peep,  
 And fellows heard cry *Chimney sweep*;  
 Which serves as clock to call up *Bess*,  
*Harry* or *Will*, to mind bus'ness;  
 Especially the Kitchen-maid,  
 To make fires that o're night she laid:  
 In the mean while *Quack* was not idle,  
 (Cunning as horse had bit o'th' bridle: )  
 The Damsel (one that would be thriving)  
 In the Squires Pockets fell to diving: (gage,  
 Their Cloaks were packt up 'mongst the lug-  
 (Thus Men are serv'd when they are sluggish:  
 The Gates but newly opened were,  
 All things were hush, and coast was clear,  
 And so unseen they huddle out  
 Into the street, then wheel about,

Some



Some minutes after folks 'gan rowle  
From beds, and shew heads out of house,  
To be in readines for *Fair*,  
Some to shew tricks, some sell their Ware,  
And some to see, and some to buy,  
That in purse had but a penny:  
And now the streets began to fill,  
While *Knights* and *Squires* lie dormant still,  
Regardless of their late mishap,  
Not dreaminng of an *after-clap*.  
But as things strangely come to pass,  
So happen'd it with *Hudibras*:  
Right underneath his *Window*, there  
Was plac'd a *Shew*, and *Trumpeter*,  
Who to entice the people in,  
Did make a most prodigious din,  
And as the knock on't is, another  
Did answer him, whom he call'd brother,  
So that by *Repercussions* they  
Were got a note beyond *Ela*,  
Eccho'd by others in the *Fair*,  
As though they meant to rend the air:

This startled *Hudibras*, who flew  
 (Like Lightning) out of bed, and drew  
 (In shirt) his Whyniard; What are we  
 Betray'd? Rise brother *Guill.* quoth he,  
 Hark! the whole town is up in arms,  
 On every side we have alarms;  
 Let's dye like men, and not be slain  
 In bed, or like tame Pigeons ta'en  
 Out of our roost; but dare the Foe,  
 Take horse, and boldly 'mongst 'm go.  
 Quoth then Sir *Guill.* this cannot be,  
 Our late defeated Enemy,  
 For they securely sleep in house,  
 As sure as *Gournets* do in fowse;  
 It rather must be some old Plot  
 Newly broke forth, say, is it not?  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, it may be so,  
 Get up, and we shall better know.  
 Quoth then Sir *Guill.* this is a base,  
 (And to our side) a cursed place:  
 I love not fighting so near th' water,  
 Doubting the danger may come after.

exit

+ 7

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis but a sound,  
If born t'be hang'd, you'l ne're be drown'd;  
Besides, wee'l make our peace with these  
Prisoners we have; the *Wench* will please.  
That was well thought on, quoth *Sir Guill*,  
Ivill get up, J that Jvill.

Where are our *Squires*, they come not near?  
Sure they are half struck dead vvith fear.

The *Chamberlain* is call'd, to call

The *Squires*, to bind the Prisoners all:

Unvvillingly they rise from *Mats*,

And shake their heads like tvvo drovvd rats,

They mist the *Mounseur* and his *Mares*,

Their cloaks & hats too, scratch'd their pates

For madness they should be serv'd so,

(But there's no truth in favvning Foe.)

After strict search th *Squires* fell vveeping,

Must vve then pay so dear for sleeping?

Quoth they th' vvorse luck, O thou *she-fiend*,

We thought thou wouldst have prov'd our friend

*Knights* call'd above, in *fume* no doubt,

To bring up boots, and be let out:

The

The Squires in haste thrust hands in pockets  
 (Their wits were quite out of the sockets)  
 To feel for key, and miss their money,  
 Their Watches (too) oh C--.C--  
 How basely dost thou deal with Man?  
 (But all the mischief that it can)  
 If ever we meet thee agen,  
 For this trick we will shew thee ten :  
 So up they went in piteous plights,  
 And told all to their Masters, Knights.  
 How, how (in rage) quoth *Hudibras*,  
 Durst they depart without my Pass?  
 Or bringing Medicine for my Corn,  
 I'll make 'em rue they e're were born,  
 If I do find 'em 'mongst the Foe,  
 For forth I wil, and forth J'll goe.  
 Ask *Chamberlain* if they have paid  
 The reek'ning, of which I'm afraid :  
 No Sir, quoth they, they ne're thought on't,  
 Our hats and cloaks too march't upon't.  
 (Money nor Watches durst not name,  
 They better should have watcht the same.)

How

How robb'd and cheated too! (oh Gull!)  
This 'tis to be so merciful,  
Quoth *Hudibras*, can none descry  
Where, and how strong's the Enemy?  
Quoth Squire (one) here's kept a Fair,  
To which all *Comers* welcome are;  
No greater Foe assuredly,  
Than *Hobby-horse*, and *Puppet-try*.  
The greatest Foe of all, and they  
Shall dearly for your losses pay.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, among that Rout  
The others sculk, wee'l find 'em out.  
First, there is shewn the deadly fins,  
Which with the *Box-keeper* begins;  
*Fane Shores* disgrace and lamentation,  
(A *Concubine* not now in fashion.)  
Then *David* and *Uriah's* Wife;  
And *Doctor Faustus* to the life:  
With many trifles more, which do  
Allude unto *Prophaneness* too:  
*Abomination* 'mongst 'em dwells,  
Of which I mean to rid the Cells;

And

And clear the *Streets* of *Superstition*,  
And its *Idolatrous* condition.

Then *Knights* mount *Steeds*, and at a word  
(In one hand *Pistol*, t'other *Sword* )

The *Squires* on foot the horse attend,  
(The readier to find out *false-friend*.)

They *star'd* about, folk thought 'em mad,  
(For neither cloak nor hat they had :

As soon as they were got in street ,  
The people ran (as it was meet )

And at next door their *malice* lights,  
(Which lately had disturb'd the *Knights*.)

Quoth *Hudibras*, Fall on, fall on,

And spare not there a *Mother's* Son :

At which the *folks* forsook the *Sight*,

And left the *Puppets* in sad *plight* :

Some lost a *Cloak*, and some a *Hat*,

Which to the *Squires* came very pat :

The *Box* with money flew about,

For which they were not grown so stout

As not to stoop; they thought on *Quack*,

And then the *Puppets* went to wrack :

They

They cut what e're they hit upon,  
Down came the *Tower of Babylon*.  
Quoth Fellow, Pox upon you, Sir,  
For spoiling *Nebuchadnezzar*;  
His Nose was cut out ill before,  
But now you have abus'd it more:  
How think you after this disgrace,  
He's able to look Beast in face?  
They mind him not, but out they bring,  
As Captive bound, *Babylon's King*:  
And in their havock grow more bold,  
They pull down *Rag*, which *Story* told,  
And as a *Trophies* bear't before  
Sir *Hudibras*, and one Knight more,  
To wit, Sir *Gnill*. So on they trot,  
With all the Pillage they had got,  
Greedy of more, but were prevented  
By Butchers stout that *Fair* frequented,  
Who seeing *Squires* a quile to keep,  
And *Men* to run faster then *Sheep*,  
Quoth they to people, What d'ye fear?  
There's neither *Bull* got loose, nor *Bear*.

And

And wil you seem to make escape  
 From fencing-fools, and *Jack-a-nape*  
 On horse-back? Clad in Coat of Plush?  
 Yet looks but like a *Sloe* on bush.  
 Keep, keep your ground, wee'l force 'em back,  
 Or may---we never Money lack.  
 Then out they *Snap*, and *Towser* call,  
 Two cunning Curs that would not bawl,  
 But sily flye at throat or tail,  
 And in their Course would seldom fail;  
 The Butchers hoot, the Dogs fall on,  
 The Horses kick and wince, anon  
 Down comes spruce *Valour* to the ground,  
 And both Sir Knights laid in a wound;  
 They like stout Horse-men keep the Saddle  
 As long as ever they were able;  
 But such as *Honor* forward pricks,  
 Must now and then expect Horse-tricks.  
 The *Squires* with grief ran home to *Quarters*,  
 To hang themselves, had they found *Garters*:  
 Man should not trust to *Fortune* more  
 Than to a *Sodometic* Whore,

Whose



Whose hellish actions are by night;  
So as she's blind, she hates the light.  
This *Hudibras* (who not long since  
Did think himself a petty Prince)  
Does surely find, on *sides* and *guts*,  
(Oh out upon such fickle Sluts.)  
So out oth' bowels of Compassion,  
Knights were led home in an odd fashion;  
Where they no sooner entred were,  
But *Squires* provide each Knight a Chair  
To ease their bruised, weary Limbs,  
That now in very sorrow swims:  
For when the *heart* with sorrow beats,  
The *body's* put into cold sweats:  
So the comparison may hold,  
In *Summers* heat, and *Winters* cold.  
The Knights assume the Chair, as they  
(*'Twas* said) had done ful many a day,  
Though not upon such hard conditions,  
But to take money and Petitions;  
For they were of the *Grand Committee*  
For *Grievances*, more was the pity,

And

And undertook to cure 'em o're  
And o're again, but made 'em more  
Like Tinkers good (those men of Mettle)  
That make more holes then mend in Kettles:  
The Gates were pester'd with a throng  
Of people, Knights had drawn along:  
Quoth *Hudibras*, J pray forbear,  
Crowd not so fast, but give me air;  
*Air* is the soul of *man*, to wit,  
His breath, as th' *Ethnick*s say of it.  
But whether it be so or no,  
Js not for *Animals* to know:  
My spirits faint, quoth he, J pray  
Bring *vite* strong, you call *Aqua*;  
Which soon was in a vessel brought  
Of fize a quartern fully fraught,  
As good as e're was laid to lip,  
Of which the Knights and Squires did sip:  
Somewhat recover'd, quoth Sir *Gnill*.  
(Whose Clapper all this while lay still)  
Unvilling to disturb the vitals,  
Who might expect some sweet requitals

For

For what was past) will not our fate  
Afford us Friends to shut the Gate,  
And drive these ruder folk from hence;  
(How long shall suffer Innocence?)  
At which the Squires (recruiting breath)  
Drew forth their fatal tools of death,  
And laid about as they were mad,  
That who could get out first were glad:  
In the mean while to Chamber led  
Were Knights, who threw themselves on bed  
To take a wholesome nap or two,  
As men o're toil'd with labour do.

---

## The fourth Canto.

## Argument.

The Squires are put into great frights,  
 And much do doubt the Life of Knights;  
 Whose most strange to them appear  
 Not known abroad this many years  
 In quest is made after Physician,  
 Or Surgeon good; with Knife Incision,  
 Either to be phlebotomiz'd,  
 Or for their bruises be advis'd:  
 Then comes the Parson of the Town,  
 Doff's off his Hat, and sits him down,  
 Raises Discourse, such as it was,  
 Howe're we must not let it pass.

**M**An's but a Pitcher that with wearing,  
 And often to the Fountain bearing,

Ne're

Ne're minding dangers follow after,  
While he can hold his head above water;  
And cares not much to spare an Ear;  
So he his Body brings home clear:

Meeting with more Obstacles matters,  
At last is broken into shatters.

Some say he is a Tubb; a Vessel  
Hoop'd round about with Ribs, duncle;  
Which if per accident they break;  
The Vessel needs must spring a Leak.

Others speak him a heart of Oak,  
That is hew'd down by potent stroke,  
Leaving this credit to his juke,  
That they are chips of the Oak block.

Others compare him (for his knocks)  
Unto a well-built Tinder-box,  
Wherein conables heat of Flint,  
But doubtless then there's mischief in't;  
For Malice cannot come more near,  
Revenge, then where rests hidden fire.

## The Second Part

Others think him a House of Thatch,  
Where Gunpowder does meet with Match,  
Which as the Learned do surmise,  
Is the contest of Faculties;  
Till by Conspiracy is rent.

The Rafter and the Tenement.

Others would have him understood  
To be a meer piece of Touchwood,  
As apt to be inflamed to anger  
As Scold, or Harbinger that has bang'd her.  
The Poet langhs (in his Clinck)

Reduc'd his *specundo* to an inch.

Yet he that kiss'd his Wife of Irish

Found him to be a huge Galiah.

Some liken him to *Worm* or *Gnat*,

And some to churking, some to thar,

To *smoke*, *flash*, *dream*, a *hubble*,

A *Bag* of *caves*, a *Pan* of *trouble*,

Others (dissembling zeal) express

Through Organ-Nose him nothingness.

But a more modest Author saies

(And truly he deserves the praise)

Man is a man (and 'tis well sed)

If he has but a hose on's head.

And others say Hee's but a Man

At best, let him do what he can.

Now the Opinion of the latter

Differs not much from the first matter,

But that we may avoid disputes,

Which now-a-days (like to old Sutes)

Are laid aside, we will proceed,

For Man's but a Man indeed.

After the Squires by exercise

Of Arms had plaid their Masters prize,

And People were dispers'd from Gate,

(Which soon was shut, although not late)

Yet sent in still a dismal lerry,

Worse then the sound of so ho wherry.

The Squires to solace selves a little,

To Kitchen went, where Wench did twiddle.

And they to answer her did *swattle*  
 The whole description of the *Battal*  
 Quoth one, first, bring us in some *Bear*  
 And then good People, pray give ear;  
 As *Thatcher* said unto his *Man*,  
 Wee'l raise the *Ladder* if we can,  
 But first let's drink, even so say *We*  
 That with his *Judgement*, do agree.  
 Each takes his *Can*, and healths to *Masters*  
 Do recompence their late disasters,  
 Quoth *Wench* oth' *Kitchin*, pray go on,  
 (Which was before he had begun)  
 When I was young, I then was told  
 That *Lovers* true had hearts of gold,  
 Which made me fall in *Love*, (none deeper)  
 With black and white, a *Chimney-sweeper*;  
 But when I came to lift it out,  
 I found but penny wrapt in *Clout*.  
 And I another had in *mine*,  
 So truly so and I did *joine*.

LPA

E. 5

Nay



Nay, I have sittin up whole nights  
To hear the Tales of wondrous Knights,  
And of their deeds for Ladies sake,  
And dangers they would undertake.  
Of Lady Hegen and Sir Farris,  
(To render her words right my care is)  
Of Prettymous and Thejaby,  
And Doradus; and Fannidy;  
And of a Prince, I do not know  
His Name; and Mournful Queen Dido,  
And many more forgot have I,  
Which caus'd full many a tear in eye.  
Quoth then a Squire (for Name unmated)  
To Hudibras he was related;  
Those stories that you hack upon,  
I read have (surely) every one,  
And Don Quixot, whose fame may pass,  
But weak to deeds of Hudibras.  
Whose mention story never matches,  
Although he lies now under hatches.

Good Lord (quoth t'other Squire) how you  
 Give prick and praise where none is due;  
 Sir *Gwillielmo* has a Pate,  
 And sits up early too, and late;  
 Yea, though he has bad utterance,  
 The Ladies Standard hee'l advance  
 As soon as any, and maintain  
 The matter first came from the brain;  
 Though he speaks little, he can do  
 As much as he, or I, or you.  
 Hold there (quoth t'other Squire) my Friend  
 And Brother, you mistake my end  
 And purpose; both I know so well,  
 That which to chuse, I cannot tell.  
 Yet I say, be advised thus  
*Comparisons are odious*:  
 You know your Knight, and I know mine,  
 Both men of courage, and design;  
 But it is fit we should lay down  
 Their Cudgels now, and mind our own:

The

The Maid requests us to unfold  
Something that hath not yet been told;  
And shall we not like civil men,  
Return her our Requests again?  
At fire there's Beef to roast you see,  
A Slice will not ill taken be  
From Maid, nor yet no harm to us  
Unless thou beest oblivious:  
Take thou the Task up, or will I,  
To speak of *Fights and Chivalry*,  
And more especially our own,  
With perils that are past and gone:  
No, (quoth she to other) be thou Speaker,  
For thou wert ever a heart-breaker,  
I hope not so, quoth Maid, and smil'd,  
My heart was never yet begun'd;  
And truly he that comes to bed  
To me, will find a Maiden-head,  
The Devil shall (quoth Squire) for me,  
He and thy *Hide* will best agree.

But

But this you must know whisper'd was  
 In ears of Squire to *Hudibras*,  
 Who started and reply'd, No more  
 Of this; see you not what's before  
 You? such a sentence more defeats  
 Our hopes of breakfast and our Treats:  
 Tye Clapper up; let me go on,  
 I warrant we come off anon:  
 And then he came on with a powder,  
 'Twas said, none ever heard him louder:  
 Dam'sel, or fair one, chuse you which  
 For both the Epethites are rich:  
 Though Criticks may say this and that,  
 Yet few do well know which is what;  
 Fair one, some say, does bear the bell,  
 Others, That Damsel does as well:  
 But in point of Knights Errantry,  
 The Dam'sel takes Precedency,  
 Then Dam'sel to you I intend---  
 A Pox upon you, make an end.

Quoth

Quoth t'other Squire then, what a do  
Is here about I know not who?  
Have patience then, repli'd the other,  
Methinks one Friend should hear another:  
The beef as I conceive of it,  
Is not yet throughly warm on spit;  
Discourse is not amiss to take  
Up time, though but for the Roasts sake.  
Dam'sel---J Knight (quoth she) J pray  
Go on, what is it you would say?  
Quoth he, for ought J know you long  
To hear the sound of Martial song:  
And therefore to you now J come  
In plain to tell you *all* and *some*  
Since first the Knights and we did take  
Up Arms for *Love* and *Honors* sake,  
To wit, for *Commonwealth* that *Whore*,  
And *Money*, of which she had *store*,  
And that *we* became *Fortunes* Imps,  
That is her *Favourites* or *Pimps*,

Our

Our Valours ne're were so put to't  
As in this last unlucky bout,  
Which justly I relate to you,  
Being the perils of days two.  
For, and it happen'd yesterday,  
The day before this, as some say,  
About the time that stomachs call,  
And merry 'tis when Beards wagg all.  
We came to Kingston, a fine place,  
If that the people had but grace,  
Where ere we had scarce tasted Bit,  
The Rascals wisht us choak't with it:  
Which we did take in very dudgeon,  
And therefore to revenge their grudging,  
With Horse in good Caparison,  
We sally'd forth of Garrison,  
Not unlike this, as near of kin  
As House can be unto an Inn,  
The Enemy encamped were,  
And spying us to draw up near

Em

'Em, 'bout their heads did weapons weild,  
And not of ground an inch would yeild:  
When that we saw their stubbornness,  
And that our number was far less,  
We thought it was our safest play  
To wheel about, and troop away;  
For, rather then suffer defeat  
'Tis far more noble to retreat.  
So on we march'd, and by good chance  
In way, we conquer'd part of France;  
To wit, a Man there born and bred,  
(For such are Members to the Head:)  
Him and his Party hither we  
Brought, and used full courteously  
For Damsels sake; but out a leek,  
The fairest Lawn may have a speck.  
Twere but a folly more to say,  
They put the stirr on us ere day;  
And we to take them in our traps,  
Brought on our selves these late mishaps:

Conage

Courage we wanted not, nor skill,  
 For we commanded both at will:  
 Hector, Achilles, nor Ajax,  
 Did ever thrum base fellows backe  
 With fiercer blows then we, nor came  
 Off better at the first, though lame-  
 ly afterwards, which you shall hear,  
 If that you please to lend an ear:  
 Indeed (quoth Maid) I have one now,  
 And cannot well spare one to you.  
 I mean (quoth Squire) to hearken well,  
 While I my story out do tell.  
 I, I, quoth she, why do I wear  
 On head an Ear, if not to hear?  
 Then mind me well, quoth he, for I  
 Abhor in tales, prolixity:  
 Hercules Labours we did here  
 And o're again, though done before;  
 We ransackt Hell, to wit, the Shewes,  
 And pull'd out Cerberus by the Nose;

Re-



Releas'd *Enridice* from *bands*, *flaw'd* he *let*  
 And set her on the *Sagian Saddle*, *his* *neck* *and*  
 A word or two (quoth *Maid*) by *th' way*, *he* *do*  
 Was she a *Man* or *Woman*, *pray* (?) *say* *you* *say*  
 Fye, Fye (quoth *Squire*) doubtless a *Whore*, *I*  
 For she unto *Plato* was *common*, *if* *you* *say* *it*  
*Plato*! (quoth *Wench*) sure I've heard tell  
 He Chimney-sweeper was to *Hell*, *as* *you* *say*  
 And fell in love with *Persepina*, *with* *you* *say*  
 Just such another piece as I'm, *as* *you* *say*  
 The matter is not great (quoth *Squire*) *and* *I*  
 For true it is, both trade in *fire*, *as* *you* *say*  
 But as I was saying before, *as* *you* *say*  
 Touching *Enridice* that *Whore*, *as* *you* *say*  
 For so she was as some do say, *as* *you* *say*  
 And from her Husband ran away, *as* *you* *say*  
 A Fidler rare doubtless was he, *as* *you* *say*  
 (Why may not Fidler Cuckolds be?) *as* *you* *say*  
 Then did we *our* *do* *Fic-ti-on*, *as* *you* *say*  
 And play day gave to *Le-i-on*, *as* *you* *say*

And

And all the rest oth' chained Crew,  
 Sure then the Devil was in you,  
 Quoth Wench; Ho, ho, I mean (quoth he)  
 Such as the Carver meant to be.  
 Look here! (then he from Pocket opens  
 The very Figures and the Tropes)  
 These serve (quoth he) for any thing,  
 Either a Peasant or a King.  
 This was the Lord of Babylon,  
 When that he had his best Ray on:  
 This was the Whiffer to the Play,  
 That made the Diuel run away.  
 This was the ugly thing in black,  
 That unto Whiffer did turn back.  
 This Herods Wife was (as 'tis spoke)  
 That robb'd poor Joseph of his Cloake,  
 But sure had I been in his stead,  
 I rather would have gone to bed—  
 This Lady dane'd into the matter,  
 To have the Saint's head serv'd in Platter.

This

This Concubine was to a King;  
And looks now like a Winterling;  
Would any think this piece could be  
Jane Shore, or Rosamond, or ei-  
ther? See how flat the nose is laid;  
Sure he was French man so it made.  
More of this strange untoward stuff  
I might produce; but here's enough;  
With these our Trophies we went on,  
And no new dangers thought upon;  
But Fortune like a cross-grain'd Slut,  
That she on us a trick might put,  
And to prevent us in our courses,  
Incens'd Dogs to fall on Horses;  
Taking them (doubtless) to be Beasts,  
By their rough Coats and curtail'd ears;  
For they with many Journeys hurry'd,  
Had scarce the time to be well curry'd;  
So we that had through dangers waded,  
At last were by Drab-Fortune jaded.

H

We

We thought to have reveng'd her scorn,  
But curst Cows still have shortest horns.  
And ere that one could tell three tens,  
*Men were blown up like Jacksons Hens.*

(It is a good Horse never stumbles  
When streets the pride of Saddle humbles.)

And now I talk of Hens, quoth he,  
(Which either boil'd or roasted be)

How fares the Beef? marry, quoth Maid,  
Your stomachs have a long time staid;  
And you deserve to have a bit  
Even piping hot from off the spit.

So she that ruled did the roast,  
Her Dudgeon whet against the Post.

Threshold, or Stairs, or one, or either,  
Or Log, or Block, no matter whether,  
Since it may well be understood

They all came from their Parent, *Wood.*

*A slice as neat as any thing,*

The *Maid* freight did to *Dresser* bring :

Of

Of Trenchers there no need was any,  
The board was clean as any penny :  
But ere they taken had a snap,  
On floor 'bove head was heard rap, rap,  
And Chamberlain with Embassy  
To Squires from Knights came hastily:  
Quoth he, This is no time for eating,  
When Knights are giving over bleeding,  
To wit, *breathing*, for so the word  
Is render'd by our old *Record*)  
How's that (quoth Squires?) and up they run  
With *haste* and good speed *one by one*,  
And found Knights on the bed to lye,  
With *panting* pulse, and *heavy* eye;  
*Hand* under *Cheek*, and *Legs* athwart,  
To keep in *Guts*, and let out *fart*;  
(For after such a *deal* of *jumbling*,  
How can you blame 'em to be *grumbling*?)  
Their *Visage* pale as any clout,  
And *sharp* and *bleak* look't eithers snout :

To which the Squires their hands apply'd,  
 Rubbing temples on either side;  
 And wringing Beak, Anglice Nose,  
 Till Knights began Eyes to unclose,  
 And stare about like any Sprights,  
 Which put the Squires into sad frights.  
 Quoth Squire to Hud. How do you do Sir?  
 Quoth Hud. to Squire, What's that to you fir-  
 rah. Oh! 'tis Tam my trusty Squire!  
 Prithee lay Pillow somewhat higher,  
 And to my Guts something apply,  
 For they do rage most roguishly;  
 My bones with anguish makes me roar,  
 As David did when his were sore:  
 Yea quoth Sir Guill. I feel like pain;  
 But it were folly to complain,  
 Unless some Son of GALEN were  
 Near hand, or Brood of Sagitare,  
 That might by Judgement sound give ease,  
 Or dexterous hand our griefs appease,

Quoth

Quoth then Squire his, He is a Wretch  
That will not for you Doctor fetch :  
I quoth the other, or a Surgeon,  
Though I give him a piece of Sturgeon.  
So as in Pan their brains did ramble,  
Hand over Head, down stairs they tumble, A  
Or ramble, or (at least) run down,  
But with more speed then has been known,  
Unless when that the Devil drives,  
And men are weary of their lives.  
To Kitchen (where they thought there might  
Be Physick good to comfort Knight)  
They made their way, where Chamberlain W  
And Oller were at it again,  
To wit, the Morsel cut from spic  
For Squires, who scarce had toucht of it.  
Quoth Wench, Oh! are you come? you see  
What cunning snaps these youngsters be;  
They would not let meat suffer cold,  
And so to take your bit were bold.

A

H 3

Quoth

Quoth Oller, then they might have come  
 Sooner, and taken share of some;  
 But let 'em now the *Hairs* foot kisse,  
 For part they shall not have of this;  
 Good lack, quoth *Maid*, if you'l sit down,  
 A piece I'le cut you where 'tis brown;  
 For I am of so good a nature,  
 That I would please even ev'ry creature.  
 Why God-a-mercy then quoth *Squire*,  
 But 'tis not that we do require,  
 Although it of concernment be  
 To us, with Knights 'twill not agree,  
 Whose stomacks are with beating grown  
 So queasie, Beef they wil not own.  
 Have you a thing that's scarcely flegg'd,  
 Brooded soon after it was egg'd;  
 Yeliped Chick, whose Legs is no  
 Bigger then is a *Pullet's* Toe?  
 Or have you something less then it,  
 That Knights may swallow down a bit?

As



As *Mites*, or *Moats* ta'ne in the *Sun*,  
 Well fry'd and butter'd, may go down.  
 No, 'quoth the *Wench*) of such nice fare  
 We ever unprovided are.

If you wil have *Mutton* or *Veal*,  
 On which the best may make a *Meal*;  
 Bespeak your *Joint*, it shall be got,  
 And sent with speed up piping hot:

Or if you *Hen* with *Legs* wil have,  
 Or *Pullet* saws'd with *Wine* and *Grav*-  
 -ey, or *Pullen* of any sort,  
 (Provided that you do pay for't)

'T shall be got ready in a trice,  
 While *Can* of *Beer* you drink off twice;

Or if they *Sugar-sops* will eat,  
 Or *Cawdel* (very wholesome meat):

Or if a *Possie* they will have,  
 I'll take the pains man's life to save:

For life is sweet as honey-suckle,  
 Or *bone* in *Mutton*, call'd the *buckle*:

Or Nut in Kent, or Klump of Hen,  
 For want 'twere pity dye should men.  
 The Wench had notions good, you see,  
 But Squires to them would not agree.  
 Out, out, quoth they, there is no trifling  
 With such whom Death is now a rising;  
 We must have Doctors spend their Votes,  
 And hither bring their Antidotes,  
 Or Surgeon that to Ribbs will lay  
 A Plaister to take pain away:  
 If you know any such, with speed  
 Let 'em be fetcht, he're was more need.  
 Quoth Ostler (and it happen'd well)  
 I can of a *ske* Doctor tell,  
 And one we call *Hobberdehoy*,  
 A thing between a Man and Boy,  
 But Surgeon good: These two command  
 All Cures, and do 'em out of hand.  
 Where do they dwel, quoth Squire? No matter  
 Quoth Ostler, they are next door Quarters.

She

She is a *Woman* of some *Grace*;  
Her *tongue* is *swifter* than her *pace*,  
For that's but *slow*; and him they call  
Her *Son* does help her out in all;  
He keeps *Mementoes* for men's *thumbs*,  
And she is good at curing *bums*:  
For though she may appear a *Sneaker*,  
She cull'd the *Boyles* in breech of *Speaker*,  
And *Bawdy-house-begotten Glanders*,  
In sev'ral *Parliament-Commanders*.  
Oh fetch (quoth *Squire*) those happy pair  
That in their skill so wondrous are;  
And if they cure our drooping *Knights*,  
Their *Figures* we will wear in *Fights*,  
That shall strike terror to the *Foe*,  
Where ever we do come or go.  
Ne're doubt (quoth *Other*) of their *Art*;  
For they made *Mare* of mine to *fart*,  
That had been bound up much with *wind*,  
Though double hol'd, no vent could find.

Search

Search then (quoth Squire) that Knights may  
Assur'd of present remedy. (be

So out goes *Ostler*, and brings in

A Woman grave, whose *Nose* and *Chin*

Did credit what she undertook;

You might read *Cibet* in her look,

Upstairs the Squires so usher her,

Where come, quoth she, What do they stir?

Then hand she lays, and blessings too

On head, and makes a deal of do;

Which waken'd Knights out of sweet slumber,

And spirits theirs did much incumber.

Quoth then Sir *Hud*. Where have I been?

What happy fights (oh) have I seen!

Where am I? what are you? and you?

Quoth she, I am a Woman true,

That here am come to ease your pain;

And settle your disturbed brain.

Oh! (then quoth he) I've seen (good woman)

Things that to Saints are only common;

You

You would have thought 'em *Rats and Mice*,  
But they were *Birds of Paradise*,  
That crumbs of comfort pick't up from  
The Table, and about the Room,  
And doubtless durst have tane a Snap  
At Cheese, though walled in with *Trap*:  
So prettily methought they fed,  
I could have leapt out of the bed---  
You are not in one (then quoth *she*)  
No matter, I'm as well quoth he:  
Then did I see-- Hold quoth Sir *Guilt*,  
I pray good brother lye you still,  
And let me speak, for J (indeed)  
Am better able to proceed.  
J do believe those *Spirits* were  
Either of *Water, Earth, or Air*  
That you did see, and not of *fire*;  
Jf so, 'tis wel they come no nigher:  
But as to mine, it was so sweet,  
'Twould make a man *twitter* to see't,

My Maid appeared unto me  
 Naked as Rump of Bird could be;  
 And frailty urging for a bit,  
 She did my fingers all be-  
 These are distempers of the Brain;  
 Quoth Woman, pray ye Sirs refrain  
 From talking much; were my Son here;  
 You need not health at all to fear.  
 He is below, quoth Squire, Then bring  
 Him up, quoth she, (oh happy thing)  
 So up he comes, and gives a leer  
 Upon the Patients he had there:  
 What do you think of Knights, quoth she?  
 Bruised they are, and much quoth he;  
 Some inward means we must apply  
 As well as outward. Mo. Truly.  
 By this time was it was in Town,  
 Which drew the pious Parson down  
 To visit Friends were in distress,  
 And in Religion of one Meß,

TM

Wich

With reverence he was brought up stairs;  
As did become his Cloak and Hairs,  
For both were gray; a Chair was set,  
But he would make no use of it  
Until he had saluted Friends,  
Which done, he holds out fingers ends,  
As who should say, I'm ready now:  
Sow down he sits with serious brow.  
Quoth he, I'm sorry thus to find  
You weak in body, and in mind;  
But here Physicians are, I see,  
Prepar'd for both most orderly;  
And as the spirit, that's to say,  
The soul, is better than the Clay,  
That is the body, it is fit  
That I should first begin with it;  
He calls for drink to cleanse his Gums,  
And then he snuffles, and he hums,  
That truth it is, 'twixt hum and hab!  
Folk hardly knew what he did say.

Ah

Ah--ah--(quoth he) we are--(and then  
He hums, and so goes to't agen )

We are--yea that we are--but what ?

(J would (quoth they) hee'd come to that)

Even just--ah--ah--(that is just nothing ;

Was ever Parson such a *slow thing* ?)

Yea--that we are--hum--hum--ah--ah..

In fine we are--yea, yea--nay, nay--

We are--No matter what quoth *Hud.*

Talk rather does us *harm* then good.

You have (quoth Priest ) J hope no *soul*

Crimes on you ? how d'ye find your *soul*?

Just where it was, quoth *Hud.* And what

Say you, quoth Priest, to question that ?

Quoth *Gull.* indeed I'm not afraid

To say even as my *Brother* said,

Then ah--ah--ah--y<sup>e</sup>are heavenly well,

Quoth Priest, for ought that J can tell.

But if you will *confide* in me ;

Rather a *Devil* then Priest was he:

A



A *Weaver* with extended *Luggs*;  
And *face* just like *those* cast in *Juggs*,  
Who (thought to be in *Scripture* wise)  
Had gotten there a benefice.  
After *he* *Cup* or *two* had *kist*,  
(With much ado) he was dismiss  
The *Room*, and then fairly came on  
*Dame Doctor*, and *Sir Surgeon*.  
They had the *Knights* to bed, and then  
'Twas thought *they* look'd like other *men*,  
They put some *Liquor* into *Cup*,  
For *bruises* good, which *Knights* toft up;  
Although with *strange* untoward *faces*,  
Yet to the *Cure* it no *disgrace* is;  
They likewise *Plaisters* did apply  
To *Ribs*, and shew'd good reason *why*,  
And being with *Wit* furnished,  
They clapt *Caps* on each *Patients* head,  
Quilted, and ear'd by *skill* of *Sempsters*,  
So left 'em lying like *Knight Templers*.

F I N I S.



